

Correspondence

Labor and Morality

EDITOR: In an editorial, "Congress Wrestles with Labor Bill" (8/19), you claim that "no Catholic moralist has ever condemned representation picketing or secondary boycotts as such." The words "as such" give you wide grounds for equivocation, but the fact remains that one of our leading American theologians and a usually unchallenged authority on labor questions clearly condemned secondary boycotts. Msgr. John A. Ryan, in *Social Doctrine in Action*, teaches that the secondary boycott "is ordinarily immoral because it is an unreasonable interference with the rights of an unconcerned person to pursue and possess the advantages of social and business intercourse."

Again, in his article on labor in the Catholic Encyclopedia, Dr. Ryan states flatly: "In practice it [secondary boycott] is . . . immoral except in extreme cases." The rarity of such cases led him to conclude: "The abuses [of secondary boycott] seem to be so frequent in actual life that we cannot wonder at the attitude of those who wish to have the practice forbidden by positive law."

(REV.) JOHN W. HELES

Dyersville, Iowa

[This letter refutes itself. Unless the late Msgr. Ryan is to be accused of teaching the pernicious doctrine that the end justifies the means, the conclusion from the quotations must be that the secondary boycott as such, in itself, is morally indifferent. Else he could not have written that in "extreme cases" the secondary boycott is moral. Actually, in the Catholic Encyclopedia article cited, Msgr. Ryan stated explicitly: "Consequently, the secondary boycott is not essentially and always wrong."—ED.]

Outlook on Visit

EDITOR: David Martin presents some salient facts in his convincing analysis of "Geneva and the Khrushchev Visit" (8/22). The most powerful microscope cannot disclose the progress at Geneva on which President Eisenhower says a summit meeting must be based. Yet we now witness a supersummit conference. Mr. Martin notes similar inconsistencies between our principles and our decisions on the diplomatic level. These cast us in the role of weak, vacillating bargainers, instead of that of the forthright, dignified leaders of the world's free nations, which is our heritage.

As for the current visit of the Soviet

Premier, we must remember that he was invited here by a man who was duly elected by the majority of the people, according to the truly democratic methods of free suffrage. Any opposition to the appearance of Mr. Khrushchev in the United States should be expressed with restraint and in good taste. Otherwise we shall only add to the picture of ugly Americanism which the Soviet propagandists are trying to paint.

PHELPS PHELPS
Former Ambassador
to the Dominican Republic

Jersey City, N. J.

EDITOR: I was very interested to find out what stand AMERICA would take on the Khrushchev visit. Now that I have read "Geneva and the Khrushchev Visit," by David Martin, and your accompanying editorial "Is This the Last Chance?" (8/22), I must congratulate you.

You point out that when one member of a coalition has an overwhelming preponder-

ance of power, as the United States has, "leadership is not only its right but its duty." May God grant, as both those articles ask in their concluding lines, that your country will rise to this duty on behalf of truth and justice. Precious occasions, in my humble judgment, have been lost in the past.

SANTIAGO GARRIDO, S.J.

Editor

Estudios Centro Americanos

San Salvador, El Salvador

EDITOR: Of the millions of words and thousands of articles covering the Khrushchev visit, William J. Conyngham's "Why Is Khrushchev Coming?" (9/12), is necessary reading for every American from the President down to the newest citizen who took his oath of allegiance today. I trust it gets into the *Congressional Record* and receives the widest dissemination possible.

Many talk about communism but few seem to grasp the essence of the Marx-Lenin dialectic as Mr. Conyngham has.

(REV.) THOMAS F. SULLIVAN

Director

The Newman Club

Akron University

Akron, Ohio



E. J. MANDULA, S.J.

LETTERS OF ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA

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Current Comment

The Man Is Here

For reasons that can only be guessed at, the Kremlin is grossly overselling Premier Khrushchev's American visit.

To anyone who listened to the English language broadcast of Radio Moscow late on the night of Sept. 14 (it was early morning in Moscow and an icy rain was falling), this was immediately obvious. The commentator who described Khrushchev's departure from Vnukovo Airport was much more intent on telling his hearers about the earth-shaking purpose of the trip than on describing the scene at the airport. Listeners could only get the impression that the Soviet premier was setting forth on a historic mission of good will and cooperation that promised the peoples of the world a "democratic" peace. (Remember when Stalin agreed at Yalta to "democratic" elections in the liberated lands of Eastern Europe?) Instead of a little melting of ice—the modest hope held out by President Eisenhower—Radio Moscow cooed confidently about a big thaw in the Cold War.

The same exaggerated note was struck in the stories of Khrushchev's arrival cabled by Russian newsmen to *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. Russians were told, with a wealth of unusual detail calculated to generate excitement, that the Premier's descent on Washington set the town on its ear. It was "the great event in the life of the American capital." Khrushchev was welcomed by "a historic wall of people" who lined the sidewalks so solidly that "there was not room even to drop an apple." They shouted "Welcome" and "Peace, friendship," reported *Pravda*, and the jubilation was unrestrained.

What's behind this propaganda line? Does Khrushchev need a build-up in the Soviet Union? Is the Kremlin intent on persuading the world that if peace does not come, the Communists cannot be blamed? Or is this merely a new application of the old Communist shock technique of alternating smiles and frowns, of disarming the free world with sweetness and light and then smiting it—in Korea, the Middle East, Berlin—when its guard is down?

Against this puzzling background, the admirable conduct of the Washington crowds that watched Khrushchev arrive and ride to Blair House was enormously reassuring. So was the factual coverage of the event by press, radio and television. It could be that the American people, whose longings for peace and normalcy are notorious, have finally achieved a maturity that reflects their critical role in world affairs. Certainly, if Premier Khrushchev came here with the idea of softening them up, he must have been inwardly boiling at the cool, almost funereal reserve that greeted him in Washington. Somehow or other the true story of what happened there on the afternoon of Sept. 15 must be spread throughout the world, especially in Eastern Europe. This should help to torpedo whatever the game is that the Kremlin is playing.

Moscow's Other Problem

Is Red China the skeleton at the banquets which Mr. Khrushchev is enjoying across the United States? Some influential foreign-policy analysts have been saying that Communist China is the Achilles' heel of Soviet foreign policy. They urge that the United States drive deeper the wedge which they are convinced is already splitting the Moscow-Peking alliance.

This analysis of Soviet-Chinese relations has long been popular in Great Britain. It evoked wide interest in the Federal Republic of Germany with the appearance in 1954 of Wilhelm Starlinger's *The Limits of Soviet Power*. Starlinger, who was a prisoner of war in the USSR, testified to the concern expressed by Soviet military men over the rising power of China and in particular its population growth. The same thesis was expounded recently by Harrison E. Salisbury in the Sept. 11 N. Y. *Times*.

At the annual meeting of the American Political Science Association, however, which was held in Washington, one of the speakers warned against this comforting line of thought. Addressing the delegates on Sept. 11, Allen S. Whiting described talk of an allegedly inevitable Sino-Soviet break as an "intel-

lectual aspirin." He said that the differences are not so sharp or irreconcilable as claimed and he questioned whether Moscow was trying, as the *Times* writer believed, to prevent Red China from becoming an atomic power. Since Mr. Whiting is a member of the RAND Corporation, a private organization working on intelligence and other questions for the government, his strong dissent may discourage what could develop into wishful—and dangerous—thinking.

Britons to the Polls

Appearing before a special session of Parliament on Sept. 18, Queen Elizabeth made it official: she proclaimed the dissolution of Parliament and fixed Oct. 8 as the date for a general election. Actually, the campaign had begun ten days earlier when Prime Minister Harold Macmillan journeyed to Balmoral Castle to tell the Queen that the favorable moment had come.

For the Conservative party, which Mr. Macmillan rallied after the Suez fiasco, the times did seem propitious. Not only was the country prosperous, but Mr. Macmillan was widely credited in Britain with spurring the exchange of visits between President Eisenhower and Premier Khrushchev. Furthermore, the opposition Labor party, its traditional program largely written into law, appeared to be still floundering in its search for new issues. Opinion polls showed a big lead for the Conservatives.

In the last general election, held in May, 1955, with 76.8 per cent of the electorate voting, the Conservatives won 345 of the 630 seats in Parliament, and Labor 277. If there is any great change in this line-up after Oct. 8, the present architects of U. S. foreign policy will be rudely surprised. On this side of the Atlantic, the prospect of dealing with Aneurin Bevan as British foreign secretary arouses no enthusiasm at all.

Control of Travel

In a burst of speed, as Congress headed for adjournment, the House voted to let the Secretary of State deny passports to Communist sympathizers and prohibit travel to certain areas of the world. Thus the legislators sought to resolve a longstanding conflict between the demands of national security and the rights of individuals.

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The bill furnishes the first explicit congressional support to the Administration's policy of restricting the right to travel. It would give the President statutory authority to ban travel to countries at war with us and areas where armed conflicts are in progress or where such travel would "seriously impair" our foreign relations. The key area under restriction by executive fiat at the present time is Communist China.

Strong controversy has long centered on the authority of the Secretary of State to deny a passport on grounds that the applicant's travel would "be harmful to the security of the United States." The House-approved measure concedes this authority but restricts it in several respects. The most serious limitation is the requirement that the Secretary of State must be prepared to produce in court any information on which he relied in denying a passport. The practical effect of this would be that in a few cases the Secretary might have to make the difficult choice between granting a passport to an undesirable person or disclosing confidential channels of information.

In our opinion it may still be possible to set up procedures that will guarantee all reasonable rights to individuals and yet be more adequately responsive to the actualities of a cold war and international conspiratorial movements. We trust that the Senate will review this question when it takes up the bill in the next session.

Break for Bondholders

Although Congress went home without removing the 4½-per-cent interest ceiling on long-term Government securities, it did ease the Treasury's debt-management problem in another way. It hiked the rate on savings bonds. From now on holders of Series E and H bonds, regardless of when these were purchased, will receive 3½ per cent on their investment instead of 3 per cent. If the Treasury wishes, it may push the rate as high as 4 per cent.

The significance of this action can be appreciated if one recalls that savings bonds account for about \$42 billion of the public debt and are redeemable on demand. Should a sizeable number of the 40 million people who hold them suddenly decide to cash them in, the Treasury would be more than slightly

embarrassed. Over the next 12 months it is already committed to pay \$75 billion to holders of other types of Government securities.

Unfortunately, there is some doubt about the appeal of higher interest rates on E and H bonds. Sales of these securities have been sliding for some time and cash-ins have been increasing. Over the past four months more bonds were cashed in than were sold. If this disturbing trend is due to dissatisfaction with the low rate of return, Congress has provided the proper antidote. If it is due, however, to other factors, such as fear for the integrity of the dollar or a yen for speculation, then the remedy won't work. This is a good time, therefore, to remind ourselves that at the new interest rate E and H bonds are more than a fine investment. They are a patriotic investment as well.

Civil Rights Report

Congress, in its frantic, closing hours, voted a new lease on life for the Federal Civil Rights Commission. Nothing in the commission's two-year history had aroused as much controversy as its final report of Sept. 9 to the President.

Grave inequalities, the report states, exist in the four fields of housing, voting, education and employment. In a sharp passage the commissioners ask for more effective cooperation by the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department. To date, they note, obviously for the benefit of Attorney General William P. Rogers and other interested parties, the division's legal actions to protect voting rights have been "disappointing in number, nature and results." To eliminate discrimination, they rightly conclude, "some dramatic and creative intervention by the leaders of our national life is necessary."

In a special statement attached to the commission's report, Fr. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., president of the University of Notre Dame, stressed a further point: "No American can escape taking a stand on civil rights. . . . Each of us must choose to deepen the anguish of the problem, by silence and passivity, if nothing more, or must take a forthright stand on principles that give some hope of eventual solution."

Fr. Hesburgh's thoughtful comment and the commission's carefully reasoned and documented proposals merit the

attention of the nation. Concern for the civil rights of any and all minorities, in all parts of the land, will always be a measure of our effective belief in the God-given dignity of every man.

200-Per-Cent Patriotism?

The 20th anniversary of Hitler's rape of Poland is a fitting time to be reminded that the Christian holds a dual allegiance. Though religious convictions normally reinforce his patriotism, his first loyalty belongs to the kingdom of God and its law.

Most men are never asked to choose between God and country. Yet in our time German Catholics faced this test. Under the spiritual leadership of giants such as Michael Cardinal Faulhaber and the saintly Father Rupert Mayer, many of them offered heroic opposition to the evils of national socialism. But as Gordon C. Zahn recently asked his colleagues at the American Catholic Sociological Society's convention in Chicago, why did the mass of them fail to recognize the moral issue posed by Hitler's war and the brutal invasion of Poland?

Dr. Zahn's yearlong research, as a Fulbright scholar in Germany, in Catholic newspaper archives and through interviews with religious and lay leaders, convinced him that the Catholic press failed to alert its readers to this injustice. Moreover, where individuals sensed the evil of the situation, a hypernationalistic spirit seems to have prevailed over the values that might have been expected of Catholics. For too long the Catholic press sought to answer Nazi charges that the Church was an "alien influence" by flaunting the 200-per-cent patriotism of all Catholics.

American Catholics have not had to face the hard consequences of a necessary choice between God and country. A sobering lesson can be read, however, in the experience of other lands. We all heartily second the wish, "My country, may she always be right." But for us as for our German brethren, there can be no room for the pledge, "My country, right or wrong."

Pause for the Mudslingers?

Individuals whose electioneering stock in trade consists of the innuendo, the smear and the downright lie should find small consolation in the recent report made by the Fair Campaign Prac-

tices Committee on the 1958 elections.

The survey found that although unfair campaign tactics were used twice as much as in 1956, they were less effective. In fact, 55 per cent of the 1958 smears backfired, i.e., they helped elect the smeared candidate. In 1956 only one-third of the smears had noticeably backfired.

The increase in the number of smears, the report states, is attributable almost entirely to the campaign in California over the tax exemption for private schools.

In 1958 there were 64 specific cases of smear but only 15 (23 per cent) were considered effective. Another 35 cases backfired and 14 (22 per cent) could not be evaluated with accuracy. Catholic candidates figured most often as targets.

Despite their dwindling successes we can soon expect the smearers and bigots to re-emerge from their fetid corners dragging their maggotty contributions to the 1960 campaigns. Yet there are grounds for hope that the country will not suffer through anything resembling the 1928 campaign. Charles P. Taft, national chairman of the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, has indicated three reasons for moderate optimism.

The responsible press of the nation is now quick to expose unfair tactics. The FCPC itself is reaching more and more voters and alerting them. Perhaps most important, says Mr. Taft, "fewer and fewer candidates and responsible party leaders will have anything to do with smear; they find it distasteful and wrong on principle, but the payoff is that it loses elections—more every year."

Continued appreciation and support are due the Fair Campaign Practices Committee for its excellent work.

Catholic Encyclopedia

A recent press release from the Catholic University of America announces that Archbishop Patrick A. O'Boyle of Washington, D. C., acting in his capacity as chancellor of the university, has just signed a contract with the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company for the publication of a new Catholic encyclopedia. The project is long-range, and will prove expensive. Curtis G. Benjamin, president of McGraw-Hill, estimates that the set, planned in 15 volumes, will take five years to complete

and will cost in the neighborhood of \$4 million. An editor-in-chief and a board of scholars in the various fields have still to be appointed.

The new encyclopedia will entirely supplant the Catholic Encyclopedia we now have; none of the material in the old work will be used or revised.

This new enterprise is much needed and betokens a most welcome spirit of alertness among American Catholic scholars. But we cannot allow the occasion to pass without a nostalgic regret for the passing of the old Encyclopedia and a belated word of praise for the Catholic scholars who pioneered in the field 52 years ago. The first volume appeared in March, 1907, under the joint editorship of Charles G. Herbermann, Edward A. Pace, Condé B. Pallen, Thomas J. Shahan and John J. Wynne, S.J. From then until the appearance of Vol. XV in October, 1912, the same editors labored mightily to produce a real monument to Catholic scholarship. Their great achievement is certainly known. Our hearty prayers go out for those who are now embarked on the new venture. May they gloriously surpass even the heights reached by the pioneers of a half-century ago.

Majesty of Law

Associate Justice William J. Brennan of the U. S. Supreme Court and editor Erwin D. Canham of the *Christian Science Monitor* recently sang an impressive duet at a two-day conference on "Law and the Layman" at Florida's Miami Beach. They harmonized well on the motif that the ordinary citizen too frequently gets a very poor impression of the dignity of the law.

Mr. Justice Brennan maintained that traffic courts have a special significance and responsibility in creating an image of the law. This is true because "most of our citizens who have personal experience with the courts have that experience in a traffic court, and they necessarily form their impression of justice in all courts from what they see there."

What do they see there? Here Mr. Canham joined in. Many traffic courts, he stated, do not have "the solemn and impressive atmosphere found in courts of major jurisdiction. . . . The courtroom is dirty, dingy and even smelly. . . . If the judge wears a robe, he is an excep-

tion to the general rule. . . . It is no wonder that Mr. Average Citizen . . . comes out of such a court in a mood of hostility and resentment."

Such undignified impressions of the law are fostered in too many films and TV shows. Have you not seen many a presentation in which the lawyers, à la Clarence Darrow, slouch around rundown courtrooms before bored judges and unruly spectators? And so the law is cheapened in the public mind and made to look like anything other than the solemn reality it is or ought to be.

Home and Habits

Loud laments often arise about the lessening impact of the home on our younger generation. Recent studies, however, of smoking and alcohol consumption among teen-agers show that what goes on in the home still powerfully influences the junior set.

When the American Cancer Society studied 22,000 high school students in Portland, Ore., and its suburbs, most of the youthful smokers were found to be products of homes where one or both parents smoked. Twice as many young male smokers, for instance, came from homes where both parents smoked as came from homes where neither parent was a smoker. Similar studies shed light on the part played by parental example in fixing the outlook of adolescents on the use of alcoholic beverages.

The Portland study also revealed other characteristics of the heavier smokers. They tended to come from the bottom of the academic pyramid and commonly failed to carry their weight in school activities outside the classroom. Interestingly enough, one group provided an unusual number of exceptions to the rule. By and large, students in Catholic schools took stiffer academic courses and participated in more extracurricular activities than did their public school counterparts. Yet a higher percentage of boys and girls in Catholic schools were regular smokers.

Whatever the further significance of such research may be, one preliminary finding seems justified. Today's Junior and Junior Miss both look and listen at home. Their conduct, in turn, quite faithfully reveals the home's influence. What too many parents may fail to recognize is their own image reflected in their children.

The New Labor Law

ALL DISCUSSION of the impact of the new labor reform law on unions and industrial relations is necessarily speculative. Indeed, few people in the country—not excluding some in Congress who voted for it—fully understand all its lengthy and gnarled legalities. Addressing the third annual conference of the AFL-CIO Industrial Union Department last June in Philadelphia, Dean Frank J. Dugan of the Georgetown University Graduate School of Law told the assembled officials that if the Kennedy-Ervin bill, as amended on the Senate floor, ever became law, they would need a lawyer in front of them, one in back of them and one on each side of them at every moment of the day. If Dean Dugan's observation about Kennedy-Ervin was justified, it goes doubled in spades for the Landrum-Griffin bill as it emerged on September 2 from a joint Senate-House conference and was subsequently approved by both Houses.

Dean Dugan made another point about the Kennedy-Ervin bill that is also pertinent to Landrum-Griffin. He suggested that the detailed effort to protect the rights of individual union members would create anarchy on the job and a "democracy of minorities." It is significant that the Secretary of Labor, who is an experienced hand at industrial relations, spoke out on two occasions against the incorporation of a "Bill of Rights" in the labor-reform bill. Did he fear the consequences—not only to unions, but to labor-management relations also—of weakening the authority of majority-backed union leaders? Maintaining a balance between authority and individual rights is always a delicate business. Even some management men are fearful that Congress, striving with more zeal, perhaps, than intelligence to correct some gross abuses of union authority, went too far in the other direction. Much will depend on how the courts deal with the individual-rights section of the law. Much will depend, too, on the extent to which Communists, crackpots and unprincipled employers seek to exploit the law by instigating harassing suits against union leaders.

ANTI-CORRUPTION MEASURES

The provisions of the Landrum-Griffin law designed to prevent labor leaders from using their positions of trust for private gain should help to prevent some of the scandalous goings-on spotlighted by the McClellan hearings. These provisions were in all the rival labor bills, as were clauses barring ex-convicts and Communists from office, restricting trusteeships and guaranteeing secret and periodic elections of union officials. The effect of these sections, which are to be administered by the Secretary of Labor, can only be salutary.

As for the impact of the so-called Taft-Hartley amendments, which relate to secondary boycotts, the so-called "no-man's-land" between Federal and State jurisdictions and organizational and recognition picketing, these may be expected to weaken unions vis-à-vis employers. That was probably the reason some legislators voted for them. During the debate in the House, a supporter of the Landrum-Griffin bill, Rep. Frank T. Bow (R., Ohio), said frankly that he could see no need for employees of a small business "to organize for the purpose of bargaining collectively with their employer." Certainly, many unions are going to find it harder than in the past to organize not only the employees of small enterprises, but the employees of all enterprises. In the South, obstacles to organization, already formidable, may well become insuperable.

TAFT-HARTLEY CHANGES

In one respect, however, the sponsors of the tough T-H amendments may have inadvertently contributed to the growth of a peculiarly nauseating type of racketeering. Hitting at abuses of recognition picketing, the lawmakers banned such picketing in all cases where an employer has "lawfully" recognized another union. As A. H. Raskin wrote in the *N. Y. Times* for September 6, "Proving that there is anything sour [about sweetheart contracts between racketeers and conniving employers] is always difficult." Yet unless collusion can be proved, honest unions are now more helpless than ever to fight racketeers and stop the exploitation of defenseless workers.

Happily, the sweeping ban on secondary boycotts carries an exemption for the garment industry, where the secondary boycott is the only effective means of coping with sweatshops. Also exempted is the widespread practice of requiring building contractors to subcontract only to union firms. For the rest, the unions have lost a traditional means of enforcing union standards in a market or industry.

In general, so far as relations with employers go, the new law, like the Taft-Hartley Act, will have a greater impact on weak unions than on strong ones. Ironically, some observers don't think that the Teamsters, chief object of the legislators' wrath, will be hurt very much at all. But this, like many other things about the new law, remains to be seen. Chiefly to be watched for, and dreaded, are signs that the law may intensify labor militancy, spur wider union political activity and foster a spirit of bitterness and hostility in industrial relations. What happens this week at the AFL-CIO convention at San Francisco will be more than ordinarily significant.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

Washington Front

The Situation Remains Unchanged

THE DEMOCRATS in Congress had their little fling on the eve of adjournment. They overrode the President's veto of the second public works bill. It was the first in 146 they had been able to overturn, and the exuberance in the House and the more sedate enjoyment in the Senate were quite understandable.

Otherwise the session came to an end in an atmosphere of anticlimax and haste to be gone before the famous and troublesome tourist from the Kremlin made his appearance. Senator Morse's one-man effort to keep the session going merely baffled and irritated most of his colleagues. Majority Leader Johnson maintained a certain grim composure in the face of this insubordination, although it plainly dented the public image he cherishes of a deft omnipotence in dealing with Senators.

In the assessments now being compiled, most analysts agree that the record of the 86th Congress bore the hallmark of a conservative Republican President rather than a liberal Democratic Congress. More interesting to the unreconstructed political mentalities in the Capitol was its probable effect on the Presidential candidates who cluster so thickly in the Senate.

The general opinion is that their prospects have not

been altered by one cubit by the legislative actions of this long session. Everyone is approximately just where he was when the gavel fell last January. Everyone, that is, except the Senate's presiding officer, Vice President Nixon, whose mission to Moscow solidified, at least for the moment, his position as his party's choice.

Senator Kennedy, balked by dubious political bosses and by determined, if slightly spurious, favorite sons, remains the front runner. The labor leaders, who have no one but themselves to blame for what happened, have said they are not cross with him because the labor reform bill which finally emerged was less like the moderate Kennedy-Ervin bill than the more restrictive Landrum-Griffin bill.

Senator Humphrey's liberal friends were disappointed that there was no civil rights legislation out of the Congress, although they are not likely to hold it against him. He remains the second choice of the Stevensonians, who have yet to indicate in which direction they will turn when the time comes.

As for Senators Johnson and Symington, if their candidacies are being advanced, it must be on another planet. There is no sign of life from either camp.

Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Humphrey will hustle right out to the hustings the minute the session is over. Both are headed for the Midwest, with special attention to Wisconsin, where they will reluctantly enter the primaries. They will, it seems, have to pit their personalities rather than their legislative accomplishments against each other on the stump.

MARY MCGRORY

On All Horizons

NEAR EAST CATHOLICS. The non-Latin rites in the United States have developed rapidly in recent years. The first major house of studies for Catholics of the Eastern rites other than the Slavonic is now under construction at St. Basil's Seminary, Methuen, Mass. The institution, founded in 1954, will be staffed by the religious of the Basilian Salvatorian order, whose mother house is in Lebanon.

► **TEACHERS.** Of the June graduates of the College of Mt. St. Vincent, Riverdale, N. Y., 47 have qualified to teach in elementary and secondary schools. Nine will teach for one year in Oklahoma to meet a shortage of Catholic teachers there.

► **KNIGHT KNIGHTED.** On Nov. 15, Luke Hart, Supreme Knight of the K. of C., will receive the La Salle Col-

lege (Phila.) Alumni's Signum Fidei award for his "noteworthy contribution to the advancement of Christian principles."

► **CHARITY.** During the 1959 Lutheran Rally (Kirchentag) in Munich, 56 Catholic institutions volunteered to house the participants. Lutheran Bishop D. Froder Beyer, of Haderslev, and his wife were guests of Cardinal Joseph Wendel in his archiepiscopal palace.

► **FOR YOUTH.** Display and distribution materials for National Catholic Youth Week (Oct. 25 to Nov. 1) are available from the National Council of Catholic Youth headquarters (1312 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Wash. 5, D. C.).

► **PRIESTLY SANCTITY.** A recent occasion at the Sacred Heart Retreat

House for Priests, Auriesville, N. Y., was unique in several respects. It was the first annual retreat of the Society of the Heart of Jesus, a secular institute for diocesan priests founded in France but now with nearly 50 members or candidates in the United States. The U. S. director is Rev. Yves M. Guenver, 81 Church St., Putnam, Conn.

► **COLUMBUS DAY PLANS.** The National Citizens Committee for Columbus Day (1192 National Press Bldg., Wash. 4, D. C.) has issued a "leaders guide" for the observation of the Oct. 12 holiday honoring the discoverer of America. The program stresses Columbus as a link between the two Americas.

► **CAIP MEET.** With the theme "Juridical World Order," the Catholic Assn. for International Peace (1312 Mass. Ave., N. W., Washington 5, D. C.) will conduct its 32nd annual conference Oct. 23-25, in Washington. The CAIP Peace Award will be conferred at a luncheon on Oct. 24.

R.A.G.

Editorials

Soviet Bull's-Eye

THE EXCITING facts are readily summarized and this time (unlike last January's story of Lunik I) there was no serious disposition to doubt them in the West. On September 12, Soviet scientists launched a second multi-stage rocket at the moon. The last stage of the rocket carried its own guidance system, as well as an instrument package weighing about 858 pounds. Some 35 hours later (5:02:24 P.M., September 13, New York time) this instrument capsule, traveling at 7,500 miles per hour, disintegrated in making violent contact with the lunar surface. The actual impact was not visually observable from the earth, but the strike was clearly signaled by the sudden termination of radio beeps emanating from the vehicle. If Russian calculations were correct, the impact point was 270 miles from the center of the moon's face. The Hammer-and-Sickle emblem is now emblazoned somewhere on the barren desert between the lunar Sea of Serenity and the Sea of Tranquility.

Although Vice President Nixon declared, without revealing his sources, that the USSR had "failed three times in the last two weeks" to hit the moon, there is no gainsaying the magnitude of the most recent Russian achievement. We must concur with the editorial comment of the September 14 *British News Chronicle*: "Less than two years ago—before the first Sputnik was launched—few would have dared predict that the event of this weekend could have occurred in this century. The Russians, with the advantage of an immense concentration of resources, have brought about a near miracle."

Since Lunik II carried almost the same instrumentation as the first Soviet moon probe, it is not likely that any startling scientific discoveries will result from its flight. What is amazing about the newest lunar probe is

the mature assurance of current Soviet rocketry. Many hours before contact with the moon was established for the first time in human history, Russian scientists were confidently predicting the time of the moment of impact. Such an assurance, in the face of staggering technical difficulties, argues a mastery of velocity and directional control that is well beyond the present capacity of U. S. rocketry. "One is amazed and astonished at the ability of anyone in the world to launch a probe like this with such precision," was the reaction of Prof. A. C. B. Lovell, director of Britain's Jodrell Bank radio telescope, which tracked the Russian missile down to the moment that it struck the moon.

We do not wish to appear ungenerous, but in saluting Russian technical prowess one criticism is in order—a point that was neatly made by another British paper, the *Yorkshire Post*, on September 13: "Indeed it might be said that Washington, rather than the moon, is the target." The Soviet moon shot was truly one of the most significant feats in the history of science; yet in the context of world history, this most important scientific accomplishment has been deliberately prostituted to propaganda purposes. From the start of the rocket's flight, the Communist press has used the moon probe to "prove" the superiority of Socialist science and culture, and to give a rather cheap aura of prestige to Premier Khrushchev's U. S. tour. Mr. Khrushchev is already a P. T. Barnum of the first water. He did not need the contrived showmanship of Lunik II to highlight the ominous importance of his mission to America.

Our own political and military experts will quickly assess the true meaning of the Russian rocket. The Soviet bull's-eye on the moon leaves virtually no doubt that the USSR can fire intercontinental missiles with deadly accuracy at our helpless cities.

First Session of the 86th Congress

IT WAS touch and go last week whether the veto-plagued 86th Congress would still be in frustrated session when President Eisenhower and his controversial guest, Premier Nikita Khrushchev of the Soviet Union, made their triumphal entry into Washington.

By the time the week began the Senate had managed—despite Sen. Wayne Morse's time-wasting parliamentary duel with Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson—to wrap up all pending business except the appropriation for the mutual security program and civil rights legislation. It had voted the President authority to sweeten the return on Series E and H bonds (the savings bonds bought by small investors). It had approved a two-year extension of the surplus farm commodity

disposal law. After negotiations with the White House, it had finally passed a housing bill which the President was willing to sign. (Lost in the shuffle, at White House insistence, was the modest \$50-million loan program for college classrooms.) With more than enough votes, it had finally upset an Eisenhower veto, approving with obvious delight \$1.1 billion for sundry public works. The House was in even better shape, as usual, and Speaker Sam Rayburn and his stand-by crew were resting on their oars.

It was a foregone conclusion that if the Liberal Democrats did more than propose an extension of the Civil Rights Commission, Congress would be in session not only during the Khrushchev junket, but long after—

wards as well. The Southerners had warned that they were prepared to talk until the snow fell, and no one doubted either their determination or capacity to do so. Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey and his Liberal followers realistically settled for a promise that the Senate would be given a chance to act on civil-rights legislation before February 15, 1960. A rider prolonging the life of the Civil Rights Commission was accordingly attached to the mutual security appropriation and early in the morning of September 15 the bundle was passed. And so the first session ended only a matter of hours before Khrushchev's huge TU-114 turboprop touched down on American soil.

Whatever the 86th Congress did or failed to do, it demolished two assumptions that were widely held last January. The first was that the big Democratic majorities in both Houses would seize the initiative from a lame-duck President and largely write the legislative ticket. The second was that the political power demonstrated by the labor movement in the 1958 congressional elections would be reflected on Capitol Hill. The lame-

duck President, who took office with only modest ideas of White House leadership and great respect for the independence of Congress, cracked the whip and reduced the Democratic majorities to impotence and frustration. The labor unions suffered their worst legislative setback since the Taft-Hartley Act. Mr. Eisenhower's tough leadership, backed up by vetoes and threats of vetoes and supported by a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats, swept everything, or nearly everything, before it.

Because it so faithfully mirrored this startling shift in political fortunes, the first session of the 86th will be worth at least a bulky footnote in the history books. Pending a reapportionment of congressional districts which will faithfully reflect the dominant urban character of the country, Congress will continue to be controlled by a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats—no matter how elections go. When this coalition is at the disposal of the President, his power to dictate policy becomes irresistible. That is what the footnote will say.

Youth in Revolt

WHEN YOUTHFUL hoodlums shocked staid, 19th-century New York or Philadelphia with a flurry of juvenile violence, their conduct was readily explained. Such behavior, the pundits pontificated, was the natural product of rootlessness. Invite the "uprooted" or immigrant horde to these shores and you welcome the triple threat of disease, illiteracy and crime across America's doorstep. How familiar this reasoning sounds in New York today. As editorial columns, civic-reform luncheons and casual assemblies in neighborhood barbershops or taverns vibrate with discussions of teen-age brutality, the same old theme has been sounded over and over again.

To be sure, amateur sociologists point out, Negroes and Puerto Ricans have replaced the turbulent Irish and swarthy Italians in the police line-up or before the magistrate's bench. But the stranger in our midst, whatever his race or color, must still be made to serve as a scapegoat for social problems which lie beyond our control.

The only weakness in this theory of juvenile delinquency is that it ignores too many hard facts. A visit to a police court, detention home or narcotics center in New York or any large city quickly exposes the inconsistencies in this appealingly simple explanation. No uprooting from the Deep South or from a Caribbean island, for instance, accounts for the vandalism, auto thefts or sexual promiscuity of white delinquents from the comfortable homes of families long resident in some of the city's most respectable, middle-class districts.

Indeed, any attempt to trace delinquency to a single cause, such as race, poor housing or lack of educational and recreational facilities, will prove inadequate. To realize this one need only look at the background of the so-called fighting gangs in one section, the Borough of Queens, of New York City. True, you find a high per-

centage of Negroes in the five major gangs. But you also discover that the Jamaica Dukes (with the highest rate of drug addiction) and the Hobo Lords are strictly white gangs. The dread Chaplains, you learn, come from a quiet neighborhood of shady streets and neat rows of houses, one which might serve as a movie version of the typical American small town. School records show that they, along with many of the Cheyennes and Enchanters, attend class in some of the city's finer educational plants. By way of final paradox, gang headquarters will often turn out to be the well-paved outdoor basketball court of a public recreation center.

Again, contrary to popular belief, the delinquent is not the exclusive property of the big city as such. Millinocket, Me., (pop. 6,223) can testify that teen-age crime flourishes outside the metropolis. Recently, it witnessed a brutal assault on a 16-year-old baby-sitter by a gang (the Kittens) of girls of the same age. And Millinocket's story simply confirms the latest FBI report that juvenile arrests for major crimes in 1958 increased at a greater rate in cities under 25,000 than in the nation's larger population centers.

If there is a common cause of youthful crime and gang violence, it lies in our failure to furnish a moral and spiritual grounding to these youths. Where society has not provided them with a code of socially responsible behavior, they find a substitute in gang morality. To win back many of today's delinquents or near-delinquents, crash programs such as the Senate-approved Youth Conservation Corps (Am. 8/1, p. 563) and similar enlightened efforts at human reclamation may be needed. For the long range, however, only the home and school can do the job of instilling a moral sense, strengthened by the sanctions and support of religious belief, which will conserve our most vital national resource—the men and women of tomorrow.

Christians Confront Technology

W. Norris Clarke, S.J.

Gustave Weigel, S.J.

Walter J. Ong, S.J.

I

BOTH THE NEED and the aptitude for technology are rooted deep in human nature. Man simply cannot live with security and dignity in this material environment of physically superior forces unless, by means of tools, he extends and intensifies the power of his own comparatively feeble body so that it can cope with nature. Thus we find that as far back as the presence of man is discernible in history it is accompanied by the use of tools. And the use of even the simplest tools is a rudimentary technology, differing only in degree from the technology of the great machines of today.

Nor is it merely a question of decent survival. If man is made as a living image of God, he must imitate in his own way the life of his Father in heaven. Now in relation to the material universe God is both its thinker and its maker—the supreme Artist. Hence man, His adopted son, must first strive to rethink the handiwork that his Father has thought up. (This is the fundamental justification for all pure science.) He must then strive to remake or transform creatively, by his own God-given powers, the world that his Father has made for him out of nothing and given him as his workshop. (This is the fundamental justification for all technology and art.)

The goal of all technology, then, is to make matter serve the human spirit as the most pliant instrument possible for authentic human growth. This involves both the gradual liberation of man from all inhumane, degrading, purely animal-like drudgery and subservience to matter, and also the positive transformation of matter to express man's own spiritual vision of the meaning and purpose of the universe.

Here, with their heads together in a symposium on men, machines and the problem of change, are FR. CLARKE of Fordham University, FR. WEIGEL of Woodstock College in Maryland and FR. ONG of St. Louis University. All three contributors are known to AMERICA readers from previous articles and book reviews.

Secondly, the unfolding of this basic aptitude is of its nature dynamic and progressive. Each successive achievement in technology builds upon what has gone before and opens up in turn new developments beyond it. As the range of possibilities constantly expands, the rate of development is able to advance more and more rapidly. This dynamic dialog of man with nature is inherent in the very presence of man as a rational animal in a material universe. To attempt to freeze this process, which by its very nature is developmental, at some supposed point of ideal equilibrium (determined by whom and on what evidence?) would be like trying to immobilize the growth of art or of human intelligence itself—indeed of any living thing, which dies when it can no longer put forth new fruits. The conclusion of all this is that progressive technology in some form or other is both natural and essential—hence basically good—for man if he is to fulfill his God-given destiny in the universe.

So much for the credit side of the account. On the debit side it must also be admitted that there are grave dangers inherent in the pursuit of technology, as in the use of all natural human aptitudes. These perils arise, it seems to me, from two main sources: first, lack of subordination to the higher spiritual good of man; second, lack of the proper rational control of the rate and timing of technological development.

The danger of the first is that what should be a mere means, at the service of the spiritual growth of mankind, may become so all-absorbing that it will upset the proper hierarchy of values and reduce the spiritual intelligence of man to the role of a mere servant of technological progress pursued for its own sake. Technology would then become like an overdeveloped organ or the runaway growth of cancerous cells—a threat to the basic cultural and spiritual health of mankind.

The second main danger is that the tempo of technological development be allowed to follow unchecked its own inner dynamism, independently of its relation to

the balanced over-all good of the people it is supposed to serve. Too rapid a tempo of change can produce an atmosphere of such constant flux and severe social dislocation that the people subjected to it will be in grave danger of becoming culturally rootless and deprived of all fixed landmarks as they are whirled hectically along by the racing current of "progress." Thus the ever increasing mobility made possible by the automobile (though not so much, strange to say, by the airplane) has so far proved to be a very mixed blessing, whose dissipating effects we have not yet learned to control.

Another form of the same danger is the so-called "enslavement of man to the machine." The harsh rhythms of the machine and its artificial environment will, it is said, dominate or destroy the healthy natural rhythms of the living body in harmony with nature as God made it. The example of the assembly line, with its impoverishment of creative ability and subjection of the workers to a monotonous, repetitive routine, is sufficient warning of where technology can lead.

All of these dangers are real and serious, in addition to the very special and obvious perils connected with the use of the immense power now at our disposal. I have no intention of trying to conjure them away by general optimistic affirmations of the "inevitable forward march of progress." The latter is a dangerous modern myth, a secularized distortion of Christian hope. Uncontrolled technology can certainly bring down disaster, perhaps irreparable, on our race. The only protection against it is a growth in man's spiritual and moral maturity proportionate to his growth in technical skill and power. Either we grow in both dimensions or we perish, like the overgrown monsters of our prehistoric past. But this is already a law in the development of every individual personality (for example, scientific geniuses with a child's knowledge of religion and morality). If individuals can solve it there is no reason why people generally cannot either. Actually, it seems to me that there is already a rapidly growing recognition on the part of both scientists and political leaders—who are also the ones most able to do something about it—of the urgent necessity of greater moral control over the exploitation of scientific and technological advances.

Furthermore, as technological development proceeds along its course among a people still endowed with basic biological, social and moral vitality—as I believe our people still is—certain laws of equilibrium and self-correction seem to be constantly and unobtrusively at work. Thus, losses in one area are compensated for by gains in another, or exaggeration in one direction generates its own counterreaction in the other direction. Thus the very mobility which seems, at least temporarily, to be weakening our roots in the family and the local community is at the same time strengthening our bonds with the rest of the world. The very increase in perfection of the means of communication at a distance, as in television, may eventually make it neither necessary nor desirable to move about so feverishly on a small scale as we now do. We may end up by visiting our friends and clients relaxedly on a two-way television circuit rather than by transporting ourselves phy-

sically to them along overcrowded highways or airways. Or by the mysterious providence of God it may happen that the insistent challenge of outer mobility may succeed more effectively than pulpit sermons in making us turn within and discover that it is possible to achieve a sense of permanence, self-identity and rootedness in more interior, supramaterial and universal values than we now believe capable of winning our allegiance.

What of the threatened enslavement of man to the machine? The danger is real. But I am convinced that it is limited by the very inner logic and laws of equilibrium of technology itself to certain transitory types of techniques and local or temporary abuses during periods of transition. The whole innate drive of technology is to substitute machines for man in all areas where monotonous, repetitive actions are the rule, and to leave man free for more intelligent creative or supervisory work. The supposed threat of a constantly increasing slavery to the machine, as some kind of inexorable drift inherent in the process of technology itself, seems to me to be largely a myth, without solid historical, psychological or sociological foundation. The true danger lies in the moral dispositions of those who use technology. The far greater peril is that men may become slaves to their fellow men rather than to their machines.

I believe, therefore, that if we have the courage to assume with full moral and intellectual maturity the responsibility of actively guiding and controlling the mighty power of technology that is now in our hands, far from being ruined by it, we shall be able rather to turn it into a profoundly beneficent instrument for the authentic growth of the human family. And no one has greater inner resources for rising to this challenge, nor more urgent motives for doing so, than the Christian.

W. NORRIS CLARKE

II

I HAVE BEEN asked to propose a counter-thesis to the essay of Father Clarke concerning a Christian judgment on technology. Fortunately I cannot make any substantial objection to the preceding article. For this I am grateful because I never like to disagree with the brilliant Father Clarke, and when the necessity arises it causes me pain. Hence most gladly I make my own the thoughts of the first essay in this trilogy. Perhaps, however, it will be possible to add some shadings to the reflections made by the preceding author.

The Prophet Ezekiel (28:26), speaking of the house and family of Jacob, says: "Securely it shall dwell there, build houses, plant vineyards, fear no attack." St. Thomas, writing of what man can do without the help of grace (S.T., 1-2, 109, 2), says: "In the state of corrupt nature man can indeed act to achieve some particular good by the power of his own nature, as for example, the building of houses, the planting of vineyards

and things of this kind." The employment of atomic power, which is today in the power of man, seems to be a far cry from the building of houses and the planting of vineyards. Yet it is more than pure whimsy to think that St. Thomas would include such a feat in his phrase, "and things of this kind." Technological progress derives from the cumulative knowledge of the human family. It is the fruit of the continuous struggle to possess the earth and to subdue it, which was the destiny divinely imposed on man according to the words in Genesis.

The malaise of moralists in the presence of the increased technological capacity of man has always struck me as unwarranted and irrelevant. Evolution seems to be the very basic pattern of the universe. Hence it seems only logical that technology among men should evolve into ever more complicated structures of power capable of ever wider efficiency. This evolution of technology should be welcomed, not lamented. The people who cry alarm because of the dehumanizing effects supposed to be inherent in the better tools and instruments that human intelligence has devised for our aid, rarely see that the high human activities they so praise were possible in past times only because vast masses of the human family were condemned by a humanly erected social system to be mere hewers of wood and carriers of water. The degree of humanism achieved by this numberless proletariat was certainly not high. In those days, in a vast sea of drab human misery, there were indeed little green isles of comfort and luxurious leisure where the few beneficiaries of the iniquitous system could discourse eloquently and elegantly on art, history, philosophy and the patterns of nature. To stand in rightful awe before the brilliant contributions of these few men and women, while overlooking the dull and tedious existence of the countless surrounding majority of their contemporaries, seems hardly humane.

Those who nostalgically praise those days of old usually do so because they wittingly or unwittingly share Plato's conception of mankind. In this vision there are a few individuals who are really men. They are the *aristoi*, the best, who in turn breed other *aristoi*. The rest by very nature must be treated as a good husbandman treats his horses and asses. He gives them what is necessary so that they can survive and be able to use their muscles to serve the master. Their own aspirations and desires are not consulted. They are expendable. Even their procreating capacities are exploited to assure the owner a continuance of an efficient physical force at his disposal.

In this cruel and un-Christian view of mankind, our human family is deterministically divided into two unequal groups: the "haves" and the "have-nots." By some kind of weird and unverified assumption, the real men are "haves" who beget real men who will be "haves," while the "have-nots" are subhuman and can only engender more subhuman "have-nots." Technological evolution endangers the privileged position of the hereditary *aristoi* because the lesser breed finally has an opportunity to enjoy leisure. Now they too will discourse about life and eternity. But since they are the great un-

washed, it is asserted that they will vulgarize the arts and sciences. In this contemplation, the Platonic lover of aristocracy can only shudder.

For my part, I let him shudder—without any felt need to shudder with him. The Christian understanding of man, and indeed history itself, find no room for the postulate that human genius and human creativity come forth by some law of biological determinism. The genius is a glorious sport showing up in the most unex-



pected places. Improved technology gives the sport who happens to rise out of the masses the opportunity to develop his genius richly for the benefit of all. Improved technology gives leisure to all men. That very many will use it for creative ends is more than we can hope for. Yet it is true that some will do so and their contribution to culture and civilization will be a blessing.

Having made this basic recognition of the goodness of technology, we must now consider its ultimate value. Optimists, whether they be Christian or naturalist, usually look no further than the goods rooted in creation. They overlook, or at least do not take seriously, the dogma of original sin. They are always looking for man's better moment in the future. According to faith there will indeed be a golden eon at a point beyond history. However, before that point is reached, the ever-evolving human situation under the sickening influence of original sin will not change substantially.

Now technology is a phase of creation. But in this creation man himself will always be faced by his own sin and the consequences thereof. Selfishness, guilt, ignorance, anxiety and frustration will not be removed because of technological progress. The improvement of human know-how will not increase the amount of virtue in the world. The kingdom of God is not the fruit of the natural evolution of man. Only the catastrophic intervention of God, unmerited and undemanded by human efforts, will bring it about—after history ceases. In this evolving world, through the power of God and not through natural evolution, the Mystical Body of Christ gradually achieves its full stature. The growth of natural human potential is the setting in which the whole Christ matures. The setting does not enter causally into the process of maturation. Increased human efficacy furthers the designs of God's natural creation. However, the salvific will of God is distinct and only occasionally related to the creative drama. The heightening of man's creative power can readily also be the occasion of man's moral deterioration. It need not be so. Yet, whether it is or is not is a matter of indifference to the salvific designs of God. St. Paul says that where sin abounds,

grace abounds more. It is not sin which produces grace. Grace is freely and independently given by a gracious God who uses the unfolding of nature as the framework for His saving bounty.

To put it briefly, the expansion of technological prowess, since it is a manifestation of God's creative will, is like all of God's creation—good. It should be hailed as such by all men. But it is *not salvific*. Of itself it neither hinders salvation nor does it hasten it. Salvation comes not from nature, no matter how effective it be. It comes from grace given on God's mysterious initiative. Before the kingdom of God arises, nature lies under the dominion of the Prince of this World. Salvation will not be of it. Only at the end will the order of creation and the order of salvation be identical. Although technology is a good thing, it is helpless to make man righteous. Man's hope can not be founded on increased human power, good though that be. Only faith and trust in the world to come can give substance to human hope.

GUSTAVE WEIGEL

III

THE OBSERVATIONS on technology by Fathers Clarke and Weigel seem to me eminently sound. Not knowing how to take exception to them, nor wanting to do so, and yet being constrained by a kind but persevering (that's why he has the job) editor to produce some sort of counterstatement, I can do nothing better than use their observations as points of departure, examining the implications of those observations in a more extended field.

The problem confronting the Catholic mind today is not the problem of tolerating the technological age, of living with it. This we do well enough. The problem is rather that of participating unselfishly in it, of contributing to it. Our present difficulties, philosophical, theological and other, vis-à-vis the age we live in seem to be in great part our inability to conceive of it positively and imaginatively.

We badly need a cosmology and a Christology sufficiently developed to enable us to lay hold of the technological age, and all it implies, with inspiration and vision. This means a cosmology and a Christology which will enable us to conceive of our entire evolutionary universe with a positive intellectual humility and enthusiasm. For our problem with the technological age is only one facet of a much larger problem—our problem with an evolving cosmos. Our technological age cannot be grasped as the reality which it is outside the framework of cosmic and intellectual and social evolution in which and as a result of which the technological age has come into being and achieved its own self-consciousness.

Our vision and enthusiasm should be without illusions, of course. As Father Weigel says so well, the expansion of technological prowess is not salvific. Men

are not individually closer to God because of it. Yet, as he also says, this expansion is a good. There is in many quarters a growing awareness of this fact, but the Catholic consciousness as a whole, in the United States and elsewhere, still labors under a certain disposition not to welcome technological growth or the over-all movement of cosmic evolution as a good in its view of the over-all scheme of things. Evolution is not of course presented as an evil in most Catholics' world outlook. In fact, in this country at least, for the most part, it is not presented at all. A few articles and lectures are putting in their appearance now. But corporately we still react as though evolutionary processes were not there.

The unfolding of the basic aptitude of man to transform material reality, Father Clarke has well observed, "is of its nature dynamic and progressive." And Father Weigel adds the more general theorem: "Evolution seems to be the very basic pattern of the universe." No one can today adequately understand the material world, or those reaches of the spiritual world enmeshed in the material, such as human thought, without immersing himself in evolutionary studies. Courses in the details of evolution are a standard part of any biological training, but familiarity with the developmental pattern of God's universe is necessary as well for geology and astronomy and semantics and linguistics and an increasing number of other fields. Yet, strangely enough, in many quarters it is still thought possible to develop a Catholic world view with no serious attention to evolutionary fact or, at the maximum, with a permissive, tolerant gesture toward this great "basic pattern of the universe." How much of our corporate thinking about divine revelation gives any sustained attention at all to the possible meaning of the Incarnation for the real evolving cosmos as we know it, in which technology has now come to be?

One cannot fully understand a fact which one accepts reluctantly. When Marxist thought has stolen the march on Catholic thought, it has often done so by enthusiastically making its own a fact which Catholics have not had the courage or humility to warm up to. Father Weigel expresses a sympathetic interest in the massive and miserable proletariat of Plato's republic, the "have-nots" as contrasted with the "haves" who were Plato's *aristoi*. He does this in order to explain the forces at work in our technological age. A Marxist could urge, quite legitimately, that Marx had used this type of analysis and had felt the sympathy which it entails more than a hundred years ago: the "haves" and the "have-nots" form a perfect dialectical dyad for a dialectical penetration and understanding of the historical processes. Father Weigel is right in his analysis and in insisting that the lot of the proletariat ought to be changed, but Marx was right first. He was right before some Catholics were, not because of his basic principles nor of his over-all aims, which were wrong, but because in this he was building upon a keen and enthusiastic awareness of the fact of change which some Catholics lacked. He seized imaginatively and creatively upon the emergence of a new technological order and upon

the evolutionary nature of the universe and of human society, at a time when all too many Catholics were meeting the challenge of the age by talk of being satisfied with one's "state in life" (that is, with a static view of human society).

Certainly, we must not abandon what we already know and teach. But you are sure to lose if you are so cautious about keeping what you have that you feel no real enthusiasm for what is new and unknown.

The time is past when we can afford a merely permissive reaction to evolution or to such things as this technological age to which an evolving universe has brought us. We cannot even begin to understand technology or to make it our own and Christ's own if we regard it and other massive developments in a changing universe as incidental items, inconsequential or even unintelligible phenomena to which one need pay no great attention as human life creaks along in its supposedly unchangeable ruts. The age of technology is an era in the history of the universe, coming into being at a certain time just as dinosaurs and the first mammals and man himself did. Technology is a shape which material reality takes at a certain stage in its development, a stage at which it arrives when it has ripened over a period of some five or ten billion years for man's appearance and when human culture thereupon, over a period of probably some several hundred thousand years, has developed a store of experience such as we have at our command at present. The age we live in is a shape all things have today, different from—yet comparable to—other and earlier shapes.

What is the over-all Catholic educational effort doing to interpret with positive and creative vision this shape of things? What are we doing to interpret philosophically and theologically, imaginatively and inspiring, a universe which everyone knows is in full evolutionary career? A retouched medieval cosmology is hopeless and inevitably false. If evolution is "the very basic pattern of the universe," it is not a thing to be discussed charily, handled gingerly, touched on incidentally. Although its details are even now not fully worked out, and probably never will be, cosmic evolution has been known to thinking men as a fact for generations. As early as *The Descent of Man* (1871), the sage and cautious Darwin notes that the principle of evolution is already "admitted by the majority of rising men" among natural scientists. This was almost a hundred years ago. The hour is getting late.

As long as change in the world was thought to be a simple cycle of life and death complicated only by the vagaries of human history stemming from unpredictable human decisions, one could enjoy a world view in which change was treated simply by contrast with non-change, as becoming is contrasted with being. Once we know, however, that created material being changes over vast eons in a directional pattern, in which more advanced forms of being appear only after less advanced forms, we cannot be so offhand. The study of the supposedly cyclic generation and corruption postulated by ancient philosophies no longer suffices. Knowing a vast number of details concerning the movement

of matter through time and its greater and greater complexification, if only to understand ourselves better we need to puzzle out the *sequence* of changes which represent an activity proper to material being of which earlier man had been unaware. Protein molecules far postdate a world of simple inorganic molecules and atoms. Early geological deposits yield only simple forms of life, later deposits alone yield higher forms. And these become more and more advanced as time moves on. Moreover, species vary from place to place, as well as from age to age. The flora and fauna of the Western Hemisphere are quite different from those of the Eastern. And there is a long and complex sequence in human cultures, too.

Such facts were of course inaccessible to earlier "wisdom lovers" or philosophers, who lived before man had been able to accumulate all the vast store of observation and reflection on which we can draw today. But now that we know these facts, we cannot afford to disregard them in constructing our world view. Any wisdom, natural or supernatural, worthy of the name now has to deal with the fact of linear development in the history of material being and of human culture, in which the present grows out of a past different from itself and opens into a future different from both present and past. This is particularly true if we are to try to interpret the meaning of the technological age. For this age is most strikingly something which has not existed before and yet something into which the preceding history of human society and of human thought has led, as well as something pregnant with a future sure to be different from both present and past.

For the technological age is not only an epoch in the totality of cosmic evolution—all ages have been that—but it is also keenly conscious of the fact that it is an epoch in a total process. To interpret it to itself we must work out a world view which is thoroughly Christian and which also operates in close, imaginative, sympathetic, creative association with the facts of cosmic development, for this development is God's work and something humbly to be revered.

WALTER J. ONG

Nests Are Made to Fly From

Now the time is come that you must be aloft seeking other clouds and stars to call your own. Once, I could provide your sky and bring in suns when moons had been long overcast; but now the spring is yours and autumn is my plight. Could I but keep you for another fledgling time, I would not; lest your wings become like weights or waxen as an Icarus and you would fear the grandeur of the turbulent winds.

C. J. McGRATH JR.

Those "Beat" Writers

Wolfgang B. Fleischmann

THE TERM "beat generation" is a familiar one today. In the broadest sense it embraces a vague conception of fast cars, unconventional living, juvenile delinquency, drug addiction, jazz craze and undefined (yet vociferous) despair. A slightly more cogent definition of "beat generation" brings personalities into focus: Kerouac, the novelist; Ginsberg, the poet; Kenneth Rexroth, the critic; Franz Kline, the artist; all of whom are engaged in bringing about a literary and artistic revolt, the iconoclasm of which is associated with Zen Buddhism, with the total liberation of the creative personality from the fetters of academic standards and with a general attack on the bourgeoisie.

Yet there is also a third definition of "beat generation," which concerns neither the moral implications of the term nor the ethical dimensions of the revolution associated with it: the meaning—in terms of literary criticism—of the "beat generation" writers' performance. It is this last definition of "beat generation" which here concerns me and to develop it, I shall try to answer four questions: 1) Who are the "beat generation" writers? 2) What are they doing with poetry and prose? 3) What types of contemporary literary performance are they specifically opposing? 4) Finally, how do they fit into the pattern of 20th-century American literature?

GINSBERG AND KEROUAC

Perhaps the best-publicized lyricist of the "beat generation" is 32-year-old Allen Ginsberg, a native of William Carlos Williams' Paterson, N. J., an ex-student of Columbia's Lionel Trilling and the author of *Howl and Other Poems* (1956), "Siesta in Xbalba" (published in *Evergreen Review*, No. 4, 1957) and of a large body of as yet unpublished work. According to Ginsberg, there are really only two other well-published writers who may be subsumed under the term "beat generation": 38-year-old Jack Kerouac and Gregory Corso, aged 28.

Kerouac, an ex-football-player, a merchant seaman and like Ginsberg a product of Columbia University, has written some 14 novels and a sizable quantity of lyric poetry. Four of Kerouac's novels are published: *Town and City* (1950), *On the Road* (1957), *The Subterraneans* (1957-8) and *Dharma Bums* (1958). Corso has published a critical article on "The Poet in America" in the Dutch review *Literair Paspoort* and

MR. FLEISCHMANN, who teaches English literature at the University of North Carolina, has written and lectured on the "beat authors."

in the German avant-garde journal *Akzente* (No. 5, 1958).

Other than Ginsberg, Kerouac and Corso, the "beat generation" *cercle intime* only includes the almost unpublished novelists W. S. Burroughs and Neal Cassidy, but a wider radius also admits "related poets" who have done independent work sympathetic to the "beats" or who participated in the San Francisco literary life of the group (1954-57). (Kerouac, Ginsberg and Corso are now in New York.) Three names among many that could be mentioned here are Mike McClure, aged 26, a former student at Black Mountain College and the author of *Passage* (1956); Denise Levertov (*Here & Now*, 1955; *Overland to the Islands*, 1956), considered the most talented woman poet sympathetic to the "beats," and Lawrence Ferlinghetti, the principal publisher of "beat generation" work. This 38-year-old bookseller and editor is in his own right a poet (*Pictures of the Gone World*, 1955; *A Coney Island of the Mind*, 1957).

To read through the work of the "beat generation" writers means to encounter a variety of experimental styles ranging from Shakespearean paraphrase to Whitmanesque enumerative style, from prose reminiscent of Dos Passos to delicate Dadaist tidbits. There is no unified "beat" style; the group, moreover, has no manifesto or statement of common critical purpose which would lend it a central unity. Yet, underlying the experimental vagaries of "beat generation" writing, a substratum of romanticism asserts itself. The individual and his ineffable emotions are celebrated; a wish for social unity based on sympathy of sentiment is expressed.

To begin with the work of Allen Ginsberg, the method of exposition in his major poems (*Howl*, *America*) is that of Walt Whitman; their imagery is reminiscent of Guillaume Apollinaire; their theme is one voluminous plaint concerned with contemporary America. Ginsberg thus combines in his poetry a tone of 19th-century exuberance and optimism with surrealist touches of the absurd and makes these two elements interact to present a world which acts absurdly upon optimistic premises. The heroes and "angels" of *Howl*, in search of an understanding of reality, enchain themselves in series upon series of aimless situations:

who cooked rotten animals lung heart feet tail
borsht & tortillas dreaming of the pure vegetable
kingdom,
who plunged themselves under meat trucks looking
for an egg,

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who threw their watches off the roof to cast their ballot for Eternity outside of Time, & alarm clocks fell on their heads every day for the next decade.

But their poet does not wish upon them an existentialist situation where they should merrily hurtle their lives into the absurd. Instead, a warm romantic stream of love—not only for Carl Solomon, to whom *Howl* is addressed (“in my dreams you walk dripping from a sea-journey on the highway across America in tears to the door of my cottage in the Western night”), but also for the world at large in *America*—is a solution for the evils of the 20th century. Thus Ginsberg’s poetry, with its social overtones and undertones, holds true to its surrealist prosody only as a rhetorical device. It is, in reality, romantic lyricism hoping for the best in what it considers the worst of all possible worlds.

Jack Kerouac’s prose is allied to Ginsberg’s poetry in the reckless use of images and the hectic, wordy style of its exposition, which arrives at complete thoughts in sentences almost by accident. The heroes of *On the Road* and of *Dharma Bums* engage in violent adventure, again in search of an ultimate revelation. In *On the Road*, at-oneness is achieved by wild living for its own sake.

That Rollo Greb is the greatest, most wonderful of all. That’s what I was trying to tell you—that’s what I want to be. . . . He’s never hung up, he goes in every direction, he lets it all out, he knows time, he has nothing to do but rock back and forth. Man, he’s the end! You see, if you go like him all the time you’ll finally get it.

But, a system of gradual cognition, a vulgarization of Zen Buddhism imposed upon Rocky Mountain scenery, leads the *Dharma Bums* to the same end. Yet in Kerouac’s early and late works it is once more love between human beings, the triumph of emotion over reason and (as in the passage quoted) the exaltation of the individual which prevail to make him a romantic writer. The gross naturalism of his description, the love of C-grade movie violence and the sometimes unbearable viciousness of his characters—these are foils for an Arcadian vision in which the underlying human heart of gold asserts itself.

If the romanticisms of Ginsberg and Kerouac are concealed at times by an apparent cultivation of style for its own sake, Gregory Corso’s lyrics are unabashedly romantic. His confessed heroes are Chatterton, Keats, Shelley, “beautiful Baudelaire” and Rimbaud (whom he resembles in poetic tone). Whether he makes use of Whitmanesque form, of scrambled Keatsian sonnets or of the naively shortened rhyme of Artaud and Eluard, a high stream of warm emotion and universal pity pervades his work.

In respect to emotion, the work of Mike McClure is much more contained. His prosody is that of the Imagist Movement (Amy Lowell, the early Pound). Yet McClure, too, is a romantic: his conscious application of jazz rhythms to verse is an attempt to transfer pure emotion from musical to verbal expression. Ferlinghetti’s attempts to inform the grimy aspects of con-

temporary America with sacred and profane images from literary, religious and musical tradition are exercises in romantic exaltation.

WHAT ARE THEY AGAINST?

If the “beat generation” writers are then a school of romantic experimentalists with a bent toward using the sordid contemporary scene as a theme for literary expression, what forces in contemporary literature do they oppose? The answer is, on *literary* grounds, none. The criticism of Corso and of Kenneth Rexroth (*New Directions* 16, 1957), which explains the “beat” movement, does not reject any form of writing in America, perhaps because that writing is already so predominantly realistic and romantic. What is attacked primarily by the “beat generation” writers is compromise with the status quo in American civilization insofar as this concerns the production of literature or criticism. Under the gun are all poets who gear their work to the jaded tastes of *New Yorker* or *Atlantic* readers, all writers who produce for a market, all academic litterateurs whose poetry is classroom exercise with pretensions to originality. The revolt of the “beat generation” writers attacks all critical cliques, such as it considers the writers for the *Kenyon Review* to be, and all book reviewers who cater to majority tastes. The “beat revolt” is a thrust against upper and lower middle-brow poets, novelists and critics who stand in the service of the bourgeoisie.

Here, almost needless to say, the essentially romantic character of the “beat generation” movement asserts



Crazy, Man—We're Saved!

itself once more. For it is not the poetic or critical performance of groups or individuals which is under attack. On the contrary, poems by T. S. Eliot or Randall Jarrell are found excellent where their author's critical point of view is spurned. It is only a writer's or critic's compromise with middle-class standards—whether this compromise be real or alleged—that is condemned. And the "beat generation" writers' standard for rejection or acceptance is pure intuition upon an emotional basis. "Feeling is all," here, as with the German romantics. If a writer or critic presents evidence that he understands ("digs") the "beat generation's" performance sympathetically, if some work of his own registers "beat" approval, he can himself become a related figure—at best, a "beat generation" hero, "angel" or "saint."

A NEW LITERARY TREND

What place does the "beat generation's" literary movement hold in the perspective of contemporary literature? Its own claims to originality of inspiration are slight. Ginsberg, Corso and Rexroth recognize Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, Hart Crane, Dylan Thomas and Guillaume Apollinaire as immediate masters of the movement; St. John of the Cross, Andrew Marvell, Christopher Smart, Walt Whitman, Rimbaud and Dostoevsky are seen as powerful influences in the background. What is perhaps most striking in this ascendancy (apart from its romantic and neo-mystical character) is the blending in of aristocratic-minded (Pound) or socially indifferent experimentalists (Rimbaud, Thomas) with a tradition of mysticism, religiosity and social consciousness. This alliance is reflected in the work of Ginsberg, Corso and McClure and serves to differentiate their work sufficiently from other contemporary poetic performances to call the "beat generation's" achievement a New Romanticism. For, though one could argue for the existence of similar traits in the work of Hart Crane or William Carlos Williams, a literary group-spirit which combines mystical, religious and aristocratic influences with experimental, naturalistic and democratic ones is a new manifestation in American letters.

What is not new about the "beat generation" writers, however, is what Kenneth Rexroth (*New World Writing* XI, 1957) claims for them as totally unprecedented fact: their status as a genuine experimental literary movement in 20th-century America. It is not even necessary to go to the Imagists, Vorticists and early Fugitive Agrarians to counter Rexroth's assertion. The Marxist literary movement of the late 'twenties and early 'thirties, as it expressed itself in the anthologies *Unrest* (1929, 1930, 1931, 1932) and *Proletarian Literature in the United States* (1935), was a group of writers who shared many essential characteristics with the "beats." Here too we find a basic romanticism expressed in social consciousness, a cultivation of experimental forms (though here in imitation of like-minded proletarian movements in Soviet Russia, Germany and France) and an insistence on the sordid aspects of 20th-century living as literary theme. In one important respect, however, the Marxists were different from the

"beats": the proletarian literature of the 'thirties was imbued with communism and socialism; its art was, avowedly, propaganda toward that end.

The "beat generation" writers, like the Marxists a romantic, socially conscious group of literary experimentalists, have no set point of view either in critical or socio-political directions. Their assessment of literary achievement is purely emotional. The philosophical background which their romantic view of life and letters explicitly seeks has never been settled on, or thought out, by the writers of the "beat generation." They are, to be sure, willing to give a pseudo-philosophical framework of oriental, occidental and Mayan mysticism to their efforts—a pseudo-mystique in spite of the sincerity with which it is proposed. For it is in the very nature of mysticism to embrace the total man and turn him from the world—an approach which the "beats," with their evident joy in the here and now, negate in their very writings.

And here lies the essential weakness of the "beat generation" as a literary movement: its total lack of a premise, religious, philosophical or political, to create a center for its bold creative experimentation. This is the reason why, for all its thunder, the revolution of the "beat generation" writers is not developing a polemic adequate to asserting itself in the give and take of the critical world. This New American Romanticism has youth, courage and talent on its side. Charges of illiteracy levied at its members by critics like Robert Hillyer (*New York Times Book Review*, Jan. 4, 1959) can be countered by pointing to the abundance of conscious formal imitation in the poetry of Ginsberg, Corso and Ferlinghetti. But unless the writers of the "beat generation" develop a critical dialectic to support their performance, as the Fugitive Agrarians (to cite an analogous movement) so successfully did, the "beat generation" will become a curiosity rather than an important fact in the history of 20th-century American literature.

The Unprotected

The sun at noon
rouses a scurry of ants
to autumn's business.
I wear my owner's look today
and charge the bins and granaries
with the fields' account. I'm trustee of
a township in my heart where summer joy
and spring expectancy depend on schools
of singers, cheepers, chirpers, clowns in grass
and pool and air, who chorus, caper alive
the spirit's moments. And now I must provide
against the day when snow lies deep,
the sun shrinks south, and no kind neighbor comes
breaking the drifts to say the year has turned.

JAMES HEARST

An Anglican Bishop's Anathema

Joseph Christie, S.J.

SOME TIME ago the British press carried complaints that the Government of the day was inclined to let its political outlook color its view of the suitability of candidates for Anglican bishoprics and other offices subject to Government patronage. Four months ago the present Prime Minister gave evidence to the contrary by appointing Dr. Mervyn Stockwood to the vacant Anglican See of Southwark in London.

Ramsay Macdonald, when he was Prime Minister, sought to introduce Socialist sympathy into the Established Church by appointing Dr. Ernest William Barnes to the See of Birmingham. For years Dr. Barnes was a thorn in the side of his fellow bishops on account of the heterodox views he expressed. On one occasion he suggested that the doctrine of transubstantiation should be tested by submitting the sacred host to a chemical analysis. Dr. Stockwood has not issued statements of that sort, but he is a well-known Socialist who served as such on the Bristol Town Council and has a flair for unconventional dress. After its experience with Dr. Barnes and its continuing embarrassment with the Dean of Canterbury's myopic devotion to Moscow, the Anglican episcopacy must have wondered what was in store for it from the new incumbent of Southwark.

What it seems to have got is a Socialist bishop with strongly conservative theological views. On Sunday, August 23, Bishop Stockwood sat before the high altar of the 11th-century Church of All Saints, Carshalton, Surrey, and announced that he had canceled the licence of Mr. Alforth Harris to the Parish of Carshalton and forbidden him to officiate in the Diocese of Southwark. The Reverend Mr. Harris, who is 72, had served the church for 33 years.

After making it clear that he admired Mr. Harris and liked him, the bishop asserted that Mr. Harris "had done grievous damage to the Church of England and to the family of the Lord Jesus Christ in this parish."

The bishop went on to say that some clergy of the Church of England behaved as if the Reformation had never happened. The main gravamen of his charge lay in the fact that Mr. Harris used a form of the Roman Mass instead of the Book of Common Prayer and celebrated the Feast of the Assumption in defiance of the doctrine of the Church of England. To make matters worse, Mr. Harris told Bishop Stockwood that he did not care for the Church of England and that he could not give up the use of the Roman Mass.

It is difficult to know what the other Anglican bishops really think about this surprising course of their latest recruit. In the political field Socialists do not easily impose discipline. They are proud of the somewhat anemic anarchy that often characterizes their meetings and discussions. Socialists feel that the rebel is necessary to the health of their movement, while Conservatives are more inclined to think of the type as disloyal. It is the difference between party and team spirit. No one could have expected Dr. Stockwood to wield his crosier in quite so strong-armed a manner.

The trouble goes back to 1928, when the then Archbishop of Canterbury sought to persuade the House of Commons to accept a revised Prayer Book and was surprised to find that this largely non-Anglican body was quite prepared to make theological decisions for him. The Commons threw out the Prayer Book and established once for all that in England the Anglican Church is a department of the state. It was a bitter humiliation for the Anglican bishops and one which brought the question of disestablishment to the fore again.

All that the Anglican bishops could do was choose between disestablishing themselves or submitting to the theological control of a body largely composed of non-Anglicans. At the time, Sir Winston Churchill was not slow to point out the anomaly and, while the Catholic members refrained from voting, the most impressive speech against the Prayer Book was made by a Socialist Presbyterian, Roslyn Mitchell. In fact the bishops did not face disestablishment as a practical possibility but chose to let things drift.

Anglicanism, being essentially a compromise, tends to see in compromise the best expression of itself. The bishops made it clear that although the valid authority had refused to approve their wishes, no clergyman using the changes contained in the rejected Prayer Book would incur censure. The bishops had no power to authorize the changes they had sought, but they did not propose to forbid them.

There can be no doubt that Dr. Stockwood is an outsider. Perhaps it is more true to say that he is an individualist. The strong arm he uses is not characteristic of British socialism or of the general policy of the Anglican Church. He has failed to run true to the form of either. The incident itself may turn out to be more important than the personality of the new bishop. That he is not without support appears from much of the comment made in the press about his action. One writer, indeed, wrote to the effect that the courteous thing for Bishop Stockwood to have done would have been to

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wait until Mr. Harris died. But there has been an emergence of strong Protestant opinion stressing the fact that the Book of Common Prayer, issued by the Reformers in 1662, is the official liturgy of the Church of England, whose Articles describe the Mass as "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." This is all to the good. Too commonly the very High Anglican, all unaware of his history, blandly assumes that the fullness of the Catholic faith exists in the doctrine and practice of the Church of England. This point of view has suffered a

rude shock from a bishop who has established a reputation for common sense.

Ever since the acceptance of the South India scheme the High Anglican party in the Church of England has been on the retreat. Not a few clergymen have taken that acceptance as their point of departure. Dr. Geoffrey F. Fisher is known to want union at almost any price and it may be that earnest High Anglicans with head in Rome and heart in Canterbury may begin to realize that integrity demands submission to the true Church.

With Ike in Europe

Edward T. Folliard

THE JOURNALISTS who really were up against it on President Eisenhower's recent trip to Europe were the diplomatic reporters. In the trade, they are called pundits, heavy thinkers and so on. They are usually well-trained newspapermen who have come up the hard way, and their job is an important one. It is to tell the Free World what goes on behind the closed doors when heads of government get together—and also to interpret those goes-on.

Their dilemma in Bonn, London and Paris was that they could never get hold of anything consequential to interpret. They waited in vain for the calculated "leak," for the low-down they have come to expect at background briefings, for the portentous communiqué. In the absence of these, the diplomatic reporters had a terrible time getting any big significance into their dispatches.

Looking back on the tour, one finds it easy to understand now why there were no exciting communiqués, no stirring pronouncements. The explanation lay in the purpose of the tour. General Eisenhower did not fly across the Atlantic with any new policies; he was convinced that those we had were thoroughly sound, and that there should be no retreat from them. He went over simply to make sure that the Western allies were agreed on signals in advance of his talks with Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev in Washington and Moscow.

It was reported before he left that he was going to Europe to assure German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and French President Charles de Gaulle that he would not "sell them down the river" by making any Big Two deal with Khrushchev. The President himself did not see it that way. He felt certain that Adenauer, Macmillan and de Gaulle did not need any such assurances, and it turned out that he was right.

From the time that Premier Khrushchev had been

invited to the United States, one thing was clear in Washington. It was that the President wanted him to come over here to get a close-up of the country and its people, and to determine whether the Kremlin boss had any serious proposals that would "melt a little of the ice" around East-West relations.

Naturally, he explained this in his conferences with Adenauer, Macmillan and de Gaulle, although they were well aware of what was in his mind and needed no explanation.

As for the European tour itself, this reporter had it relatively easy. His job was to write what was called the "Ike story"; that is, to write about the crowds, the flags, the band music and so on. His colleague, London-based Murrey Marder, a fine newspaperman, took care of the significance—what there was of it.

This is the way the trip went.

* * *

BONN—For me this visit to Germany was the most interesting part of the whole tour. The last time I had been there was as a war correspondent in 1944-45. I was in Munich on VE-Day, and never was there such a dispirited city, with its white surrender flags (mostly bed sheets and pillow cases) drooping from the windows, its awful silence, and its cowed citizens thinking what thoughts one could only imagine.

Now on this lovely August evening in 1959, as President Eisenhower was welcomed at the Cologne-Bonn airport by Chancellor Adenauer, there were flags with color in them—the Stars and Stripes, the black, red and yellow emblem of the Federal Republic, and varicolored provincial flags. There was a 21-gun salute and the band played the Star Spangled Banner and the Deutschland Lied.

General Eisenhower had come this way 14 years before as a conqueror, as Supreme Commander of three million fighting men who had smashed Nazi Germany in the West. What an extraordinary thing, then, to find 250,000 Germans lined up along the 22-mile route into Bonn—they included many Catholic priests, brown-

MR. FOLLIARD, *White House correspondent for the Washington Post and AMERICA's "Washington Front" columnist, tells of his tour with the President.*

garbed Franciscans and nuns—and to see the waving of little American and West German flags and to hear the cries of “Wunderbar.”

The President, in a little talk at the airport, gave a pledge he had given many times before, but now uttered for the first time on German soil. It was that the United States would not abandon the 2,228,000 free Germans living in West Berlin, whom Khrushchev would like to see under the Communist yoke.

On the way into Bonn, as the throngs were hailing “Ike und Connie,” somebody on the press bus remarked that the Germans have always adored their conquerors. Historically, there could be something to this. But now it sounded like the voice of cynicism. The West Germans certainly would never adore Russian conquerors; and this soldier-statesman riding by in the Mercedes-Benz, his arms aloft in a characteristic salute, represented a great power pledged to save them from a Russian conquest.

The London *Economist*, commenting on the President's visit to Bonn, remarked: “West Germany has its foundations in the West. . . . Thus, Bonn rightly sees its Western friendships as a condition for survival.”

There was no doubt in this observer's mind about the genuineness of the almost ecstatic welcome the Germans gave President Eisenhower. He himself said later that it was “overwhelming and magnificent.”

* * *

LONDON—Here in the British capital, the American Chief Executive was greeted as an old friend and ally, one who mounted his 1944 invasion of Normandy from Britain's shores, and who returned many times afterward as Supreme Commander of the Nato forces.

Indeed, after he had visited Queen Elizabeth II at Balmoral Castle on the second day, the London tabloids began to refer to him in their headlines as “Uncle Ike.” One of them, the *Daily Sketch*, ran a banner calling him “Godfather Ike.” Thus it nominated him for a role in an event that is still months away—the birth of the Queen's third child.

At least one Yank in London began to wonder after a bit whether this “Uncle Ike” and “Godfather Ike” of the headlines was President of the United States or an old and lovable member of the Royal Family who had come home after a long absence.

For a people supposed to be reserved, supposed to believe that it is bad form to show too much emotion, the English really went overboard for the American visitor. Or, at least, the London editors did.

Said the *Daily Telegraph*: “Here is a man endowed with a smile that lift's men's hearts. He has only to pass through the streets for accumulated anti-American resentments to melt away like snow under a summer sun.”

In spite of this outpouring of affection, however, there was a terrific frustration among the diplomatic and political reporters in London. These fellows are a powerful lot in the British capital, and they pride themselves on being well-posted and on writing with a now-it-can-be-told authority. But about all they got at the official briefings, held in a big, revival-type tent across

the street from press headquarters at No. 10 Carlton Terrace, was trivia about what the President and the Prime Minister ate at Chequers, how they practiced golf shots on the lawn, and what films they did or did not see in the evening.

Peter Hope, press officer for the British Foreign Office, one day gave the newsmen a rundown on what the two leaders had for lunch, including a claret and a white burgundy, and then announced in an impressive baritone: “I have only one other thing to say. This morning there arrived at Chequers five brace of grouse, addressed to the President from Her Majesty the Queen in Balmoral. I can't tell you whether the five brace of grouse will be eaten for dinner tonight or not.”

“Is five brace ten grouse?” an American reporter asked.

“Five brace is ten grouse,” Hope explained.

“Can you tell us who shot the grouse?”

“I am afraid I cannot.”

“How old were they?”

“The grouse are young grouse.”

At another briefing, Hope announced solemnly that the five brace of grouse would be served for dinner at Chequers that evening.

This was too much for those British journalists who had been waiting for something of significance to write about, and they told Hope so in very blunt fashion. They were sore, not only about the stuff being handed out about menus and films, but by the fact that there was no longer much prospect that General Eisenhower would hold a press conference in London as he had in Bonn. There was to be a substitute for a press conference—an informal chat between the President and the Prime Minister on television, described in advance as history-making.

But it turned out that there was not a farthing's worth of news in the television show. All that could possibly be said for it, some Tory papers remarked, was that it might be a help to the Prime Minister in the forthcoming British elections. Randolph Churchill, a pundit for the *Evening Standard*, wrote sarcastically: “It was a fascinating experience last night to see the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, on television with his campaign manager, President Eisenhower.”

But the visit ended in a glow of camaraderie at the American Embassy residence. Here General Eisenhower gave a dinner for the Britons who served under him in World War II, including Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, author of a book last year in which he accused his old chief of bungling and needlessly sacrificing thousands of lives. The lion of the evening, next to the President, was Sir Winston Churchill, who at 84 is stooped and feeble, and totters when he walks along with the help of a cane.

* * *

PARIS—As it was determined to do, Paris put on a show for President Eisenhower that eclipsed in every way the welcome accorded him in Bonn and in London. A million Frenchmen turned out—twice the size of the multitude in London—to yell their “vives.”

No one could say that the French were more ardent or friendly than the Germans or the English; it is hard for a reporter dashing along in a motorcade to tell about these things. But certainly as a spectacle, the reception in Paris was in a class by itself, marked by all the elegance and grandeur that were bequeathed to the capital by France's kings and its Emperor Napoleon.

Even the salute fired for the American Chief Executive by a battery along the Seine was tops for the tour—101 guns as against the standard 21 in Bonn and London.

President de Gaulle, also a soldier turned statesman, told President Eisenhower in a little speech at Le Bourget why he was about to get such a tumultuous welcome. "You are the illustrious chief of the armies of freedom," de Gaulle said. "You are the President of a country which, among all the others in the world, is dear to the heart of France."

Then the French President rode with the American President over a route that had been well chosen to

arouse emotion in the visitor. For it included a long and crowd-lined stretch of the Rue Lafayette, named for the French nobleman who did so much to help the American colonies win their freedom.

After a day of homage such as few men have ever experienced, General Eisenhower tried out what he calls his "prairie French," and sought to tell in a sentence what was in his heart: "Je vous aime tous." It may not have been very good French, but the big crowd got the message and responded with a happy roar.

This leads up to what was the real significance of the President's tour of Bonn, London and Paris. It was, of course, a triumph for the man himself. But certainly, as he later insisted, it meant something a good deal more than that.

A French editor probably grasped it best. He said that the tour had shown that in the Western Alliance there is a "union of hearts." It is not likely that Premier Khrushchev was unaware of this as he started out for Washington.

BOOKS

A Trio of Impressive Novels

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

By Morris L. West. Morrow. 319p. \$3.95

THE PYX

By John Buell. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 174p. \$3.50

QUESTIONS OF PRECEDENCE

By Francois Mauriac. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 158p. \$3.50

It's a rare publishing season that offers three such striking books, each Catholic to the core in its underlying philosophy, each so different in its overt statement of that philosophy. West's book is the more obviously Catholic; Buell's study of good and evil is oblique in its Catholic statement; Mauriac's—as we have come to expect—hardly seems Catholic at all, but his profundity of character-probing makes this somber book perhaps the most Catholic of the three.

The Devil's Advocate is an exciting book, the kind you want to read through at one sitting, and yet one to which you will want to return, for it packs lots of sane spiritual truths within its somewhat melodramatic framework. An English monsignor, tied down for many years at a desk job for one of the Vatican congregations, learns that he is doomed to an early death by cancer. He is a good man but cursed with a cold per-

sonality; he can understand in a rather academic fashion the joys and sorrows of people, their passions and dim groping for happiness and holiness, but he never has had a sense of sharing the frailties and the glories of our human nature.

An assignment from his immediate ecclesiastical superior takes him down to the heel of Italy to investigate the supposed miracles of a foreigner who had lived in a tiny village, had become involved in the intimate lives of the people and had finally been executed by Communist-led Italian partisans at the end of the war. Had Giacomo Nerone really lived a life of heroic sanctity—after having fathered a child out of wedlock on one of the village women? Had he died a martyr's death when defying the atheist Communist leader?

Msgr. Meredith undertakes the examination with considerable distaste and skepticism, and his search does indeed lead him to rub shoulders with types of people he knew only in textbook fashion—a homosexual, a Jewish agnostic doctor, a sex-centered English woman who lives in the town's "castle," a poor, almost illiterate Italian priest living in concubinage with his housekeeper, and several other assorted characters.

The strength of West's book, howev-

er, lies in the fact that these elements, which could so easily have been sensationalized, are kept in the bounds of a good taste that makes them all the more dramatic by the very reticence with which they are handled. And the problem—was Nerone a saint?—is never solved. The monsignor sends his report back to Rome, and the only thing the reader knows at the end of this gripping book is that the "miracles" of Nerone's life were the truly profound effects he had had on the lives of the villagers. Even the monsignor is not cured by the supposed saint's intercession—he dies of his cancer, but he dies a better and more human priest because of his contacts with the very human people he had never known before.

There are some theological inaccuracies in the book, but they will not be spotted except by professional theologians, and they do not militate against the splendid conclusion that holiness, even if not the kind that can be canonized, is a tremendous force even in today's sense-centered world.

The Pyx will puzzle many readers—and I do hope that John Buell will win many readers with this first novel. Its theme is macabre—a high-class prostitute, who is also a drug addict, falls (?) or was pushed (?) to her death from a swank penthouse apartment. As the story winds its course, we come to realize (perhaps too slowly) that the victim was not only enmeshed in the machinations of a gang, but that she was doing her little best to protect others caught up in the same evil. And the One whom

she is finally called on to protect is the One who comes to suffering humanity in a pyx. I shall not say more, for that would be to give away the secret of a really tensely written detective story.

Many will find the theme distasteful, but let it be said that, as in the West novel, no details are glamorized for the sake of sensationalism. The main point about the book is that it is a splendid first novel from a young Canadian writer who should not be dismayed if his choice of theme draws the carping of critics who confuse matter and manner.

Mauriac's book was published first in French in 1921; this English version carries a note (written in 1928) to the effect that if Mauriac "were writing [this book] today, he would treat his characters 'with greater kindness.'" And certainly greater kindness is called for, since the late-blooming version feeds arguments to those who estimate that Mauriac is a writer who hates.

The story concerns the "aristocracy of the cork"—those French families whose wealth and prestige stems from their pre-eminence in the wine business. A boy and his sister meet a young rebel whose background is dubious but whose disdain for the pretensions of the cork-aristocracy springs from a deep spiritual grasp of the real dignity of man. The young man and his sister use the rebel for their own devious purposes; he disappears; they go their amoral ways; but he has left a mark on their lives that nothing can efface.

This is a somber tale, and it will not appeal to many. But the genius of Mauriac is evident in these probings into the quiet and stupendous springs of human motivation. One thing calls for strong protest—not against Mauriac, but against his American publishers. Why cannot Mauriac's works be translated and published with some clearer indication of his development? This is an early book in the Mauriac canon; but many readers will think that it represents Mauriac as he is and thinks today. Whether you do or do not like his so-called Manichean view of Catholicism, it certainly does not put him in a proper perspective to publish his earlier works as though they represent his present state of development.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

Fresh View of Francis

MY GOD AND MY ALL: The Life of St. Francis of Assisi

By Elizabeth Goudge. Coward-McCann. 317p. \$4.95

The story of St. Francis of Assisi is such a familiar one, and at the same time so often misunderstood, that the first question to ask about any book on him is: what is the author's view of his subject? Elizabeth Goudge answers that question quite unmistakably when she says that most of us are prone to think of

Francis only as the happy troubadour singing God's praises over

the hills and through the valleys, as the storyteller who could keep the crowd rocking with laughter at his jokes and as a man who so loved animals, birds and flowers that he would preach to them and talk to them as though they were his human friends. We dwell on this sunny side because it seems to us easy and happy to turn aside from the other because it is grim and difficult. We would rather not think of the penitent who scourged himself until the blood ran down, of the man who was not ashamed to go weeping through the world for the Passion of Christ, of the fasting and the nightlong vigils in darkness and cold.

Indeed, Miss Goudge's emphasis on the soberer aspects of the Franciscan story leads her to underscore an element in Francis that has not perhaps received as much attention as it should, and that is the element of harshness in his character: "Normally he was fierce with himself only but on rare occasions the stinging lash caught the brothers too." She adds, however, that "it is noteworthy that only one thing called [that severity] out, and that was failure of perfect obedience." Particularly is this true in the great struggle over the changes in the constitutions of the Order, which were to shadow the closing years of Francis' life, changes "admirably devised for preparing the knights of God to forsake the Lady Poverty and play a distinguished part in the affairs of the Church." But even the tragic lack



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of understanding of his last years could not break Francis, and Miss Goudge puts the reason very well:

Francis had never supposed that he owned anything, not even his work or his dreams, and in his ability to let go of them he was a strong man; strong too in the knowledge that nothing could take from him the power and glory of prayer and suffering, and that he would be able to offer these for his sins until he died.

Elizabeth Goudge's handling of this material is forthright, straight-ahead and thoroughly effective. The organization is, on the whole, biographical, that is, the known events of the life are handled with care for available historic fact and, when that fails, for plausibility. But the presentation of the more dramatic episodes is suggestive of the novel in that there is a good deal of detail of setting, of the look, sound and feeling of things.

On the other hand, the biographical technique allows the author to analyze a situation fully so that the reader may appreciate its significance, and to give the necessary understanding of the life of the time so that a reader may enter into a specific scene with a good deal of intimacy. Many of her incidental comments reveal genuine insight, as for instance: "Absorption in the world can blunt a man, rub away the clear outline of his personality, but absorption in God makes him more of an individual."

There is not a little humor in the book, too. The story of Francis' handling of the shy Ruffino, whom he made preach half-naked, is one example. There is humor now and then in the beautiful story of Clare, for instance: "She was as doughty a fighter as any of them, and far more obstinate." The tale of the young novice who wanted a psalter is told with the wry humor of the writer who appreciates the lesson for his guild: "After you have the psalter, you will desire and wish to have a breviary. Then you will sit in your chair, like a great prelate, and say to your brother: 'Bring me the breviary.'" And the masculine ideal of the perfect patroness is sketched in a single sentence about the Lady Columba: "She welcomed Francis courteously to her mountain, sent food every day to the brothers, and left them alone."

And yet from start to finish the story is told with a fine appreciation of its romantic elements. The famous episode of the sermon to the birds in the fields on the road between Cannara and Bevagna is told exquisitely, and so is the later legend of the time when the winter storm kept the brethren from the cen-

turies-old nightly procession to the Chapel of the St'gmata, and the birds and the other little wild creatures went in their place, leaving the footprints of their devotion in the new-fallen snow. And Miss Goudge does not reject the splendor of the vision, the fiery chariot moving under the ball of fire at Rivo-Torto when the brethren knew that the absent Francis was present with them in spirit, or the crucified Seraph of the great vision of Mount Alvernia. Altogether, this is a fresh and direct story that will bear many tellings.

HELEN C. WHITE

Pendulum of History

THE STRUCTURE OF NATIONS AND EMPIRES

By Reinhold Niebuhr. Scribner. 306p. \$5

In this thought-provoking book Dr. Niebuhr is the historian seeking in the record of the past for light on the problem of transcending the parochial nation-state as the ultimate form of political order in our time. The marks of Niebuhr the theologian and philosopher are indeed on every page, and his guiding conceptual framework is clearly derived from these disciplines. But this little book is no sketch for a philosophy of history in the current—or perhaps only recent—fashion set by the Toynbees and the Sorokins. It is rather a modest attempt to use the data of history to draw conclusions, not as to the "wave of the future," but as to the immediate prospects of international politics in this day of the Cold War and the atom bomb.

To begin his analysis, Dr. Niebuhr makes the familiar distinction between "community" and "dominion" in political entities. Community is established by internal forces of cohesion, not only St. Augustine's "common love" or interest, but a complex of mutualities in which (for modern times at least) such mutualities as trade and political conventions must be included. Dominion is the unifying and, in a sense, external force or power of a central legal—even "police"—authority. Neither community nor dominion exists or has existed in pure form in any state the historian of the West must concern himself with. The degree of one or the other has varied in different times and places, and, moreover, certain human temperaments as expressed in political thought have been capable of coming close to either polar concept as an absolute which they seek to achieve here on earth.

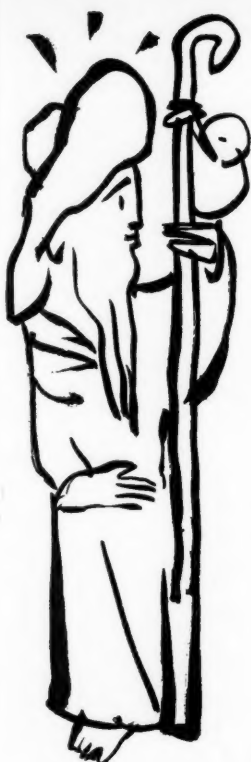
In history, the domain of the changing, states have in fact grown, have conquered or otherwise absorbed others,

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have become empires. Dr. Niebuhr's central interest in this book is in the process of political integration. And his chief targets are those who believe—or at least preach—the possibility of men's planning a world government, or some other form of "collective security," or some relatively painless surrender to a new universal state headed either by us or by the Russians, which will not depend on the long slow process by which community and dominion have worked together in the past to create viable political entities.

In this book as in his others, Dr. Niebuhr insists on the ambiguities of moral man, who must and yet cannot accept the "real" world as he finds it. Although Dr. Niebuhr clearly dislikes Platonic and other traditional flights from this real world, he dislikes most of all the enlightened "liberal" flight. He is severe indeed on those survivors of the 18th century in our midst who still hold that nature is rational and orderly, and that in the planning "scientific" reason, as exercised in schemes for world government tomorrow or the next day, men have the key to Utopia.

The book is not, however, for the most part polemical. It is concerned rather with the analysis of those slow, historic processes which have over 3,000 years changed the structure of states and empires, but which are constants, marks of a process still continuing. These constants, Dr. Niebuhr insists, will not vanish in the face of the conviction, so strong in young America, that our democracy is something totally new on earth.

The conventional historian may find that Dr. Niebuhr has not gone sufficiently into the detailed concrete ways in which in given cases states became empires, or otherwise widened their territorial bases. But this is a task the historian himself has not done very well on a comparative basis, and the conceptual tools Dr. Niebuhr has worked with needed just this sort of development.

All in all, this is a most important and useful book, even if to some temperaments it will seem unduly pessimistic.

CRANE BRINTON

GIVE US THE TOOLS

By Henry Viscardi Jr. Eriksson-Taplinger.
226p. \$3.95

This is the story of Abilities, Inc., a factory run by and for the disabled. Started in 1952 with one paralyzed worker in an unfurnished garage, it grew in five years to a million-dollar business with more than 300 employees and a new plant.

The author, who has given us an account of his own congenital disability in an earlier book, *A Man's Status*, realizes the high value of his mission and sees the need of an extension of his work in broader fields, knowing that thousands of the handicapped lack the facilities for learning skills and utilizing their capacity to produce and to earn a living.

The warm humanitarian interest of the narrative, the struggles and the successes of the afflicted persons make one realize that their rehabilitation is a truly important goal. To the uninformed the giving of a job to a handicapped man would appear to be merely a mode of charity, but Viscardi shows that it makes good business sense and profits.

This book should interest all workers in the social fields and administrators of hospitals, particularly of hospitals for the chronically ill. It should prove illuminating indeed to employers of labor. It is altogether likely that this latter audience was the author's target, since the dedicated goal of his initial organization, J. O. B. (Just One Break), is to give the dignity which comes through useful, gainful work to those with physical disabilities and to find placement for them in all industries.

A. R. VONDERAHE

A Light to the Gentiles

by Adrian L. van Kaam, C.S.Sp.

323 pages. Illustrated. \$4.75.

The absorbing life-story of the Venerable Francis Libermann. He wanted to become a Rabbi, but became first a freethinker, then a priest and the founder of a religious order.

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WHAT IS THE STARS

By Arthur J. Roth, Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 298p. \$3.95

The title comes from a line or two in *Juno and the Paycock* and seems a way of asking: What is life all about? What the novel is, in fact, is the episodic story of a handful of volunteers in the Irish Army called up during the dubious years (for Ireland) of the second World War. The Slater, McGurk, is a young lad from the Northern counties; the Knave O'Hanlon is a veteran of service in the British Army and an ingratiating, thieving scoundrel; Fitzhenry is a farmer's eldest son, with a better education than most; the Baron flunked out of Clongowes Wood and has an income that permits him to hire for himself his own batman, though he is still a private; besides which, there are Twee-o-Twee, Morcheen, Corporal Rafferty and Mallon and O'Rourke; Lieutenant Percival Pettigo, CO Webley, and a number of minor characters among the soldiery.

Favorite pub of the Ordnance men is Leahy's; and the Slater is sweet on Breedge, the younger of the two Leahy daughters, while Trish yearns over Fitz. They get into one scrape after another, with much drinking of porter and stout, and much strategy to prevent Pettigo from showing up well as company adjutant.

There are many far-from-the-old-sod Irish in America who will hotly deny that any people of the saintly land can be as sorry and sinful as these people sometimes are in this series of tales thinly threaded together. But author Roth has portrayed them with affection and a sense of the comic that does their innate dignity no harm. It is a funny and often touching, sometimes tragic story that is told and the adult reader will forgive the occasional vulgarities inevitable in barracks life.

R. F. GRADY

Our Reviewers

HELEN C. WHITE, professor of English at the University of Wisconsin, wrote *Bird of Fire*, a novel based on the life of St. Francis of Assisi (Macmillan, 1958).

CRANE BRINTON is professor of history at Harvard University.

A. R. VONDERAHE, M.D., is an associate professor at the University of Cincinnati Medical College.

R. F. GRADY, S.J., is chairman of the Department of English at the University of Scranton.

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FILMS

THE BIG OPERATOR (MGM). In these days, when it is becoming increasingly difficult to make a buck in the movie industry without spending several million of them, the stratagems of producers who do not have access to multi-million-dollar budgets are becoming more and more desperate and highly specialized. Producer Albert Zugsmith's formula is to make films featuring sex and/or violence within a quasi-sociological framework and preferably with an "exploitable" title, such as *High School Confidential* or *The Beat Generation*.

This item from the Zugsmith agenda is preoccupied with brutality rather than sex. It relegates blonde sex-pot Mamie Van Doren to the comparatively minor role of a subdued and fully clothed housewife, and it stars Mickey Rooney (of all people!) as a ruthless and corrupt labor leader. According to the film's melodramatic plot, boss Rooney seems destined to get his comeuppance through the combined efforts of a Senate investigating committee and an incorruptible rank-and-file union member (Steve Cochran). This happy conclusion, so much easier to achieve on the screen than in real life, is not reached before various victims have been tossed into cement mixers, turned into human torches and otherwise given a very bad time.

The film also gives a very bad time to Paul Gallico. Because of some lunatic quirk in regulations governing the awarding of screen-writing credits, his name is given as author of the original story, though the story in question was written 17 years ago, is not about labor unions at all and has not a single point of resemblance to the present film. [L of D: A-III]

THE F.B.I. STORY (Warner). What would you do if someone handed you Don Whitehead's best-selling history of the F.B.I. and told you to turn it into a scenario for an entertainment motion picture? Probably about what Richard L. Breen and John Twist did when they drew the assignment. They devised a series of episodes illustrating the evolution of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and highlighting its various accomplishments and preoccupations down through the more than thirty years of its existence. All this they strung loosely together onto the personal

story of one fictional agent who stayed with the Bureau through thick and thin.

Thus James Stewart persuades Vera Miles to marry him in 1924 on the condition that he leave the old F.B.I., which is corrupt, inefficient and politically controlled. But he learns that J. Edgar Hoover has assumed directorship of the organization with carte blanche to make sweeping reforms and the assurance that its operations will henceforth be entirely free of partisan political influences. So agent Stewart remains agent Stewart. He and his typically American wife raise a typically American family with its typical joys and sorrows in various inconvenient corners of the United States while he is tracking down Ku Klux Klansmen, Oklahoma oil-boom murderers, public enemies of the Gangster Era, Communist agents, etc.

Hitching fact to this kind of fictional framework tends to distort history, because it exaggerates the contributions of one man, the film's hero, in relation to the over-all achievements of the F.B.I.

Several of the movie's manhunt are interesting in themselves and are staged with documentary realism, but they take on a self-defeating sameness long before the film has run its allotted two and one-half hours. Furthermore, the picture's undeniable inspirational content is frequently vitiated by the excessively sentimental terms in which it is expressed and by a flabby hierarchy of values which seems to make a pregnant wife's simultaneous yen for shrimps and ice cream as important to the American way of life as, for example, the Lincoln Memorial.

Even so, the film is a workmanlike treatment of a fascinating and important subject. Some of it, at least, should appeal to every member of the family. [L of D: A-I] MOIRA WALSH

THEATRE

A recent letter from Mr. R. K., an obviously attentive reader of this column, says:

I have come across what seems to me an astounding review of the Broadway musical *Destry Rides Again*. The reviewer makes reference to a "madame who insists that her odalisques observe the proprieties of a young ladies' finishing school." No further comment is made on this part of the show.

Mr. K. then observes: "If 'madame' and 'odalisques' are to be taken in their

usual meanings . . . it would seem that some further comment *should* be forthcoming from a purportedly Catholic reviewer."

Mr. K's letter raises a question frequently asked by other correspondents. They want to know why the reviewer is not more emphatic in expressing disapproval of moral delinquency on the stage.

In the review cited by Mr. R. K., gambling, guzzling and shooting of sheriffs were mentioned as the principal occupations of a town. The reviewer did not feel it was necessary to say that his approval does not extend to compulsive gambling, intemperate drinking



and murder. Prostitution was also one of the town's "industries," and the reviewer mentioned it only because it impinges on the sanctity of marriage, and some people are more sensitive to sex immorality than other violations of the commandments.

Mr. R. K.'s specific query is why the reviewer mentioned the madame and her girls and failed to denounce their profession. Mention of the madame and her girls was intended as a red flag warning readers who may be allergic to the portrayal of sex on the stage to keep away from the show. Since prostitution is universally condemned as a social evil, and is illegal in many places, expressing disapproval would be as superfluous as coloring charcoal with tar.

In conclusion, Mr. R. K. says: "Perhaps Mr. Lewis attributes a more innocent meaning to 'madame' and 'odalisques' than I do. I certainly hope that is the case. If it isn't, an insidious paganism has crept into your pages."

Mr. R. K. can rest assured that there is no semantic disagreement between himself and the reviewer except on his word "paganism." We could argue far into the night on what is the true meaning of the word. There was the austere and disciplined paganism of the ancient Greeks that set the pattern for Western drama, and there was the B.S.P. (Before St. Patrick) paganism of Ireland reflected in the drama of W. B. Yeats. There is also the sloth of the white remittance man, drifting from one South

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Sea island to another, and the moral irresponsibility of modern intellectuals. Which kind of paganism does Mr. R. K. mean?

Your observer suspects that the principal difference between himself and Mr. R. K. is that one of us is forced to see ten boring plays like *Suzie Wong*, hoping that the next play will give him the spiritual exhilaration of *The Power and the Glory*, and the other does not have to suffer so. And Mr. R. K. does not have to air his disapproval of a play in part while approving it in whole, limited space preventing the giving of reasons.

A reviewer's lot, like that of the policeman in the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, is not a happy one. He has to make too many hairline decisions between realism and obscurity. Letters like Mr. R. K.'s help to keep him on his toes.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

THE WORD

O almighty and merciful God, do Thou kindly keep us from all things that war against us, so that after being freed both in mind and body, we may with ready souls do the works that are Thine (Prayer of the Mass for the 19th Sunday after Pentecost).

A truly distinguished Catholic theologian of our day has casually observed that it makes a very high compliment if you can say of anything that it is "interesting." Today's Mass-prayer, which is possibly a shade more elusive than usual, is indeed interesting.

Things that war against us, if we except only the final pronoun, is one word in the Latin (*adversantia*); from the context, the word suggests difficulties or obstacles in the form of entanglements. *Expediti* is what we ask to be *both in mind and body*. Everyone will at once recognize the source of our English "expedite," but we have fairly lost the vivid picture of the Latin verb, which means to set free a foot that has been caught in something, such as deep mud or thick undergrowth or a trap. *Ready souls* stands for *liberis mentibus*: once out of the trap or tangle, the mind or heart or soul is free.

All this is interesting. For one thing, thought goes loping off in a Pauline direction.

A familiar and primary teaching of St. Paul is what might be called, if the ex-

pression be not cheap, the doctrine of "before and after." "Before" is man unbaptized, natural man, whether pagan or Jew, man without Christ; "after" is man baptized, *Jew and Gentile alike*, man with or rather in *Christ Jesus*. Paul has many ways in which he describes this radical transformation, this complete metamorphosis. One of those ways is by the symbol of slavery. Before Christ, man is a slave; with and in Christ, man is free—*liber, expeditus*.

This aspect of the redemptive truth, surely if faintly echoed in our present prayer, merits new consideration. It is not easy for us to rid our minds of the assumption, amounting to a conviction, that religion, especially the Christian religion, is essentially restrictive, that it is what it cannot help but be, a bondage—the best bondage, but a bondage.

The Christian is clearly not free as the pagan or the secularist is free. If Christianity looks prohibitive to us today in a world that has been at least historically Christian for nineteen centuries, it must have had the look of close confinement to the easygoing pagans of the apostolic age. Hence the Pauline insistence, as if the Apostle were pleading: "Listen, you've got this Christian thing all wrong; you've got it exactly backwards. Before you knew Christ, then you were manacled, mewed up, enslaved. Now, in Christ, you are finally and really and truly free."

In every age of the world, fallen man finds it so difficult to understand that it is not when he yields to an impulse that he is free, but when he governs it. He is free not when he surrenders an ideal, but precisely insofar as he keeps striving for it. He is a free man not when he has struck an agreeable and loveless marriage of convenience, but when he loves boldly and fiercely, accepting all the feathery fetters that every true lover freely, joyously, proudly wears.

Even now, it is not always easy for us to see, at least with clarity, that the love of Christ is an enlargement. It is said that the emancipation which followed the Civil War came as a shock to the more comfortably located slaves. Sometimes even a professed follower of Christ needs to be awakened to the deadly comforts of some invisible slavery of his.

St. Paul, of course, had no illusions whatever on the entire situation. *Pitiable creature that I am, who is to set me free from a nature thus doomed to death? Nothing else than the grace of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.*

Perhaps now we ought to read (and say) today's Mass-prayer again.

VINCENT P. MCCORRY, S.J.

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